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THE SUMMER IS OVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Yes, the summer is over,
Her sweet days all past,
See, the fair buds are fading,
Too lovely to last;
Though her spirit still lingers
In Autumn's mild beam,
Yet all soon it will vanish,
And fade like a dream.

There's a *something* that tells us
The season is o'er,
There's a voice in the flowers
That whispers "no more;"
There's a faint thrill of chilliness
In Autumn's first breath,
And it brings to the blossoms
Their warning of death.

Even thus in our spirits
Does Summer decay,
When the heart's buds of promise
All vanish away;
Then we stand in life's garden
Where all looks so drear,
And we sigh when the flowers
All fading appear.

Then no sweet hopes come singing
Like birds to the heart,
But the warm lights grow languid,
The joy-beams depart;
And we sigh as around us
Life's Autumn winds roar,
And we mourn that sweet Summer
May greet us no more.

Yet once more from the death chill
Of Winter's dark day,
Like an angel shall waken
Dear Summer's sweet ray;
And the hearts which so sadly
Now mourn her past reign,
Shall glow warm when the sunshine
Restores it again:

And the dear ones bereft us,
The flowers of our love,
After death's Winter season
Shall meet us above,
In that land where hope's blossoms
Are never decayed,
Where no sweet Summer roses
Grow chilly or fade.

FRANK.

ONE OF THE REBEL STEAM-RAMS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND.

We give above from a sketch by Mr. W. Woods, of Liverpool, an engraving of El Tousson, one of the rebel steam-rams in course of construction in Messrs. Laird's yard at Birkenhead. We learn that no time is being lost in bringing both vessels to a state of completion, and that El Tousson wants but little to prepare her for receiving her equipment. As to El Mounassir, she is in a comparatively backward condition, but the operations on board her and in the neighboring workshops are rapidly conducted. The two rams are not unshapely in their bulk, but seem as well designed for swiftness as for strength. The length of each is 230 feet, the beam 43 feet, and the extreme depth less than 20 feet. The burden is but 1,500 tons register, and the draught of each vessel when loaded will be some fifteen feet, the deck being about 6 feet above the water-line, all the intermediate surface being protected—first, by a coating of teak over the iron skin of the ship, and then by armor-plates over that, each massive scale being 5½ inches thick. All this armor is dovetailed together so accurately that the joints are scarcely perceptible. The deck is of 5 inches teak, covered with iron, and the bulwarks are also of iron, being so made as to let down outwards, and thus to clear the decks during action. Two revolving cylindrical turrets, on the well-known principles invented by Captain Coles, are apportioned to each ship, one turret being before and the other abaft her engine-room. There is also a pilot-house, strongly built of teak, and iron-plated. Each turret carries two guns, placed in close proximity, so that they can be brought to bear nearly in the same position at one time. In the case of the Mounassir, one turret is being fast completed on a spot situated at some little distance from the hull, and the plan of construction is at present laid bare. Its wall is a series of cellular spaces, like the chine of a shell-fish, and all these iron cells are to be filled up with teak, making one solid and uniform mass, which is to be again strengthened and rendered well nigh impregnable by armor plates. At each end of the vessel is a raised deck, forming tolerably commodious quarters for officers and men; and the forecastle is made to carry one or two heavy guns, if they be needed. In the captain's cabin are portholes for two 32-pounders; and each ram has capacity for 300 tons of coal. The machinery, as a matter of course, is all below the water-line. Their sterns will be so formed as to protect the screw and rudder from shot or collision.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE FOREST OF RENNES.

The traveller who journeys from Paris to Brest, from the capital of the kingdom to the chief of our maritime cities, sleeps and wakes twice, rocked by the well balanced jolting of the diligence, before he sees the thin crops, the stunted apple trees, and the pruned oaks of poor Brittany. He wakens the first time in the fertile plains of Perche, near Beance, that paradise of meal merchants; he goes to sleep again pursued by the sourish perfume of the cider of Orné, and by the nasal twang of the natives of Lower Normandy. Next morning the landscape is exchanged; he is at Vitre, that gothic mummy, which hangs its black houses, and the moss-grown ruins of its castle on the slope of a steep hill; around him are those vast meadows, planted here and there with willows and osiers, where the Vilaine winds and rewinds its narrow ribbon of azure in a thousand fantastic turnings. The sky, blue when evening sunk, has become gray; the horizon has lost its amplitude; the air has assumed a humidity that enervates one's breathings. In the distance, on the right hand, behind a series of hillocks dry and covered with broom, you descry a black line. It is the forest of Rennes.

Some hundred and fifty years ago, the forest of Rennes had a circumference of eight leagues and more, and group on group of forest trees so lofty, so bulky, and so close grown with thickets at their base, that the keepers themselves lost their road there. Little was made in these deep woods; unless it were wooden shoes, and where chestnut trees grew in patches, some huts where they manufactured hoops for casks. In the centre of some cleared glades, were ten or twelve booths gathered together and lumbering against each other, which served as dwellings for the charcoal burners. Of these there was a considerable number; altogether the population of this forest was reckoned at not less than four or five thousand. These formed a peculiar caste, a half savage people, the born enemy of all innovation, detesting by instinct and by interest, every rule except that of old use and want, which granted to them silently an unrestricted right to all the products of the woodland, save the venison. From time immemorial, the makers of wooden shoes, and of casks; the charcoal burners and the basket makers had been able not only to ignore the very name of tax, but even to take the wood necessary for their crafts free of any payment. In their opinion, the forest was their lawful patrimony; there had they been born; they had the unprescriptible right to live there and to die there. Whoever contested this right with them became in their eyes an iniquitous oppressor. Now, they were not a race that would let itself be oppressed without resistance.

Louis XVI was dead. Philip of Orleans, despite the will of the departed monarch, held the regency. Although this prince threw off with design the grand policy of his master into oblivion, still that policy stood its ground, by its own strength, wherever unskilful or perfidious hands did not strive to undermine it secretly. In Brittany the long and valiant resistance of the Estates had come to an end. A comptroller of taxes had been installed at Rennes, and the Bond of Union, amended by the strong hand, watched no longer over its haughty stipulations in favor of the liberties of the province. The Breton Party was conquered; Brittany was fused into France; it had no longer a frontier.

But it was one thing to assent to a measure in the Parliamentary Assembly; it was another to cause this measure to infuse itself into the manners of a people whose obstinacy has become a proverb. M. de Pontchartrain, the new Comptroller Royal of imposts, had been legally invested in his functions; it remained for him to enforce his authority; but that proved no easy matter. Everywhere they accused the leading men of disloyal practices; resistance was on all sides. The association of the Breton-Brothers, organized for the defence of the liberties of the province, and which in truth had no longer a political object, continued to exist and to agitate in the shade. It is the peculiarity of these secret assemblages to outlive themselves, so to speak; free masonry, which is dead, will live when we are in our graves. The Breton Brothers refused to pay taxes at first with arms in their hands; then the time came for them to submit; yet it was with a protest. Twenty years after the epoch when the events passed which we are going to relate, and which form the prologue of our story, we will discover traces of them. The love of mystery is a part of man's nature. Secret assemblages die only of old age; and it is wonderful how long their old age holds out.

In 1719 almost all the gentry had withdrawn from this association, but it survived, full of life, indestructible, among the lower classes of the towns and the country. Such of the nobles as still continued to be Brothers became objects of a genuine worship. The castles where these obstinate partisans of independence entrenched themselves were the centres around which the malcontents were collected. They were already perhaps powerless for action on a great scale; but their opposition, being so wide spread, gave them security. To put them down it would have been necessary to destroy the country with fire and sword.

After what we have said of the forest of Rennes, it may be inferred that it was one of the most active centres of resistance. Its population, entirely composed of poor people, ignorant, and hardened by the rudest toils, was in a state singularly favorable to such an opposition as is based on a flat refusal, accompanied and sustained by the force of inertia. Numerous enough and sufficiently united to fight, if no other means could be employed, the people of the forest waited, confident in the inaccessible retreats which the country offered them at every step; confident especially in their perfect knowledge of their forest, that immense and sombre labyrinths whose farthest copses touched at once the plain of Rennes and the suburbs of Fougeres and of Vitre. In these three towns they had adherents. The first firing of a musket under the forest shades was sure to rouse the ragged mob of the back streets of Rennes; the historic burgesses of Vitre, who carried still the arms of the soldiers of the fifteenth century, and the skilful poachers of Fougeres. Such being the state of things, it was reasonable to hope that the sergeants of M. de Pontchartrain would not have the game all their own way.

One man there was whom they respected so profoundly, that if he had but said:—"Pay your tax to the King of France"—very likely they would have obeyed. But this man had no inclination to say so. He was precisely the one most obstinate relect of the Breton Association, and his voice re-echoed still from time to time, in the hall of the Estates, in protestation against the invasion perpetrated by the house of Bourbon.

His name was Nicholas Tremi of Tremlays, seigneur of Bouexis-in-forest; and he possessed, a half league from the town of Lifre, a domain which made him lord of almost the whole country. His castle of Tremlays was one of the most beautiful in Higher Brittany. His manor of Bouexis was in no respect less magnificent. It was two hours' journey from the one to the other; and the road all while was on the lands of Nicholas Tremi. He was an old man, of great height, and austere look. His long, white hair fell in scattered ringlets on the thick cloth of his doublet, which was fashioned after the ancient mode. Age had not moderated in the least the burning passion of his glance. On seeing him upright and firm in his saddle, as he rode under the tall forest trees, the men of the forest felt their hearts glad within them, and said: "So long as our lord lives, there will be one Breton in the land; and let the leeches of France beware!"

They said true. The patriotism of Nicholas Tremi was as indomitable as it was exclusive. The gradual decay of the party of independence, so far from being an example to him, only deepened his obstinacy. From year to year, his colleagues of the Estates heard with less and less favor his rough protestations; but these protestations he continued; and it was with his hand on the guard of his sword that he fulminated his menacing diatribes against the representation of the crown.

One day, as he was speaking, the noblesse indulged themselves in a laugh at his expense; and many voices murmured: "Assuredly M. de la Tremlays has lost his head."

He stopped instantly. A sickly pallor overspread his forehead; his eye darted a lightning flash. He put on his hat, and stalked slowly to the door of the hall. On the threshold he crossed his arms and fixed on the bench of the nobility a long look of defiance.

"I thank God," said he, with a voice slow and harsh, which penetrated to the farthest end of the hall; "I thank God, that it is but my head I have lost; since the gentlemen my peers—for their part they have lost their heart and their honor."

At this insult which dismayed them, you might have seen all these haughty gentlemen start from their seats. Twenty rapiers instantly leaped from their scabbards. Nicholas Tremi budged not an inch.

"Lay your swords aside," continued he; "I see, I was insolently heard, I withdraw. It is not Breton blood that my wrath demands. Adieu, gentlemen. I pray God that your children may forget their fathers, and remember their grandfathers. I separate myself from you. I renounce you. You have laid Brittany in the tomb; in its midst to sprinkle blood on that tomb of hers. When it is not the time for war, it may still be the time for vengeance."

M. de la Tremlays mounted his good horse, and took the road to his domain. Those who met him could not have dreamed what vengeful thoughts rushed in crowds through his spirit. Strong in heart as in frame, he knew how to keep his rage within himself. His brow remained calm. His look wandered, vague and indifferent, over the flat country around Rennes. When he passed beneath the cover of the forest, the sun was sinking towards the horizon. M. de la Tremlays contemplated more than once with eager eye the entrenchments natural and impregnable which the virgin soil offered at every step; he numbered involuntarily these men, vigorous and valiant, who saluted him from a respectful distance with devoted affection.

"War," thought he, "would be terrible with such soldiers and such retreats."

He stopped his horse, and became sunk in reverie. But soon an absorbing idea gathered in a frown on his eyebrows, gray with age. He straightened himself, and his eye shone with a savage brilliancy.

"No war!" said he then. "A duel! one single stroke. One single death."

And M. de la Tremlays, putting spurs to his horse, formed one of those plans whose extravagant hardihood brings a smile to the lips of men of good sense, and which even success could scarcely sanction; a plan audacious, chivalric, but impossible and foolish, the idea of which could spring up only in the brain of a country gentleman, ignorant of the world, and weighing the prose of the present in the poetic weights of the past. We must not, however, despise this man, not tax him with madness, because his enterprise went beyond the bounds of the possible. He was in good part aware how quixotic his purpose was, and his enthusiasm by no means concealed from him the depths of the abyss on the brink of which he was about to place himself. But he was one of those men of iron brains, who see a precipice yawning before them, yet stop not for a second in their career. One circumstance alone made him hesitate. The house of Tremlays had but one direct heir, George Tremi, grandson of the old man. What would become of this child of five years, struck in the person of his grandfather, and deprived of his natural protector? Nicholas Tremi listened impatiently to this objection which his conscience forced upon him.

"If I succeed," thought he, "George will have a heritage of glory. If I fail, my worthy cousin of Vannoy will protect the boy's patrimony for him. Vannoy is a true-hearted gentleman."

As he pronounced these words mentally—perhaps, however, thinking aloud—a voice, shrill and distant, bore to him the refrain of a song of the country, a kind of complaint, the air of which, slow, monotonous, melancholy, accompanied the mournful recital of the death of Prince Arthur of Brittany, wicked, done to death by his uncle, John Luckland, King of England.

Tremlays started, and felt a presentiment of evil coming over his heart.

"Impossible," he murmured, "Vannoy is a relative who deserves to be trusted."

The voice drew nearer. The song seemed to take a shade of irony.

"Besides," continued the old gentleman, "George is a Breton; his happiness, like his blood, belongs to Brittany."

The voice was silent for a few seconds; then it broke forth suddenly, just above him. He lifted his head quickly, to the top of a gigantic chestnut, whose head, rising in lordly guise over the trees around it, was vividly illumined by the rays of the setting sun; and there he beheld an appearance extraordinary, nay, almost diabolic. The body of this being, lighted up by the sloping beams, rayed forth a sort of wan lustre. If a traveller had encountered it in the forests of the New World, he assuredly would not have granted to it the name of man, and the Natural History of Buffon would have

continued, and which made the whole household laugh. The captain remarked in that unmoved eye, of which color; it leaped from branch to branch with a marvellous agility, and at each leap a bundle of tender boughs fell to the ground. His song continued.

You may be sure it was not the first time that the Baron had met this strange personage, for he stopped his horse without manifesting the least surprise, and whistled as when one calls to a dog. The song ceased immediately, and the creature perched on the top of the chestnut, tumbling down from branch to branch, fell at the feet of the old judgment, uttering a sort of growl that, however, was friendly and respectful.

It turned out to be a man, after all, yet was it more wonderful to look at when near than when at a distance. Naked legs, covered with coloriess hair, supported in a clumsy way a trunk ill-formed, very short. His neck, bony, and placed crookedly on a hollow breast, was surmounted by an angular face, while from his shoulders hung a skin of white color, covered with down.—His hair, his eye-brows, his beard, new-grown, all were white, and it was surprising to see an eye red as blood gleaming from amidst such white surroundings. His person gave nowhere any sure indications of what his age might be. He might have been a child, he might have been an old man. The extreme agility he had just shown, dispelled the latter of these two suppositions, however. Youth alone could have concealed such vigor and suppleness under an envelope so puny and wretched. He arose with a bound, and placed himself right in the middle of the road, before the horse's head.

"John Blanc, how is your father?" demanded the Baron.

"How is your son, Nicholas Treml?" replied the albino, executing a caper.

The brow of the old man grew clouded. This abrupt question suited mysteriously the recent subject of his disturbed reverie.

"You grow impudent, my boy!" grumbled he. "I am too kind to you peasants here, and so you become insolent—make room, lest I take order with you in another way."

Instead of obeying the order uttered in a severe tone, John Blanc seized the bridle of the horse, and smiled quietly.

"You are mistaken, my lord," said he, with a voice sweet and melancholy. "It is not to us poor folks you are too good; it is to others, whom you love, and who detest you."

"Peace, fool that you are," said Nicholas Treml, wishing to interrupt him.

The albino kept his hold of the bridle, and continued—

"The father of John Blanc is getting on well. John Blanc watched by him yesterday, and will do so again to-morrow. Yesterday you watched over George Treml; will you watch over him to-morrow, my lord? What is it you would say? That song of Arthur of Brittany is a good song. Listen! I can creep under a thicket, as well as climb to the top of the chestnuts. I have followed you a long way through the forest; you fight with your conscience; I understand you; and so I sung the song of Arthur."

"What," cried M. de la Tremlays; "you have overheard me? You know all?"

"No, not all. You have spoken too many foolish things to be so easily understood. But, I pray you, do not leave your little Master George to the mercy of a cousin. If you mean to take a far journey, take your grandson on the saddle before you; if you do not wish to do that, kill him off at once; only do not abandon him. Nicholas Treml, may God bless you."

The albino let go the bridle, and climbed like a wild cat along the knotty trunk of a chestnut.

Night began to fall. The dress of this odd being, formed of the skins of rabbits and white like himself, discovered him across the branches over which he leapt with an indescribable nimbleness.

The Baron proceeded on his way, very thoughtful.

"He is a poor idiot," said he.

But his heart wrung him more and more; and when the voice of John Blanc, making itself heard anew, sent on his ear from under the bushy heads of the mighty oaks, the mournful notes of the song of Arthur of Brittany, the aged gentleman felt his heart grow cold within him, and he uttered, with a shudder, the name of his grandson.

CHAPTER II.

THE IRON COFFER.

When Nicholas Treml reached the great gate of his castle, the night had fallen. He threw the bridle to his servants without saying a word, mounted the outer door steps with the air of a man sunk in thought, and betook him straight way to the chamber of his grandchild. George was fast asleep, a pretty child, of a fair complexion tinted with rose hues, while his flaxen locks curled gracefully over his pillow that was fringed with fine lace work. No doubt some sweet vision visited his sleep at that moment, for his lips opened in a charming smile, and his little hands moved to and fro, as if he were caressing and being caressed.

When children laugh thus in their dreams, the good folks of the district of Rennes are accustomed to say that the fairies are in the cradle. A thought pleasant and poetic; but in Brittany, every thing poetic runs into either a melancholy dwelling; they look on this happiness in sleep as a presage of death. The child smiles at the angels, because the angels of God are there, around its couch, to carry its soul to heaven.

Treml bent over the little bed. His bearded lips touched the satin cheek of the child, which awoke not.

"Arthur of Brittany!" murmured the old gentleman, who was not able to forget the words of John Blanc, "what if the last scion of my race is about to be sacrificed? But no; the man is a simpleton; my cousin, De Vannoy, does not resemble the English John Lackland." Full of misgivings, he seated himself on the bedside.

The Baron, rich and noble, as we have said, had lost his only son two years before. This son, James Treml, the father of George, was in his time a man of powerful frame and brave spirit. Nicholas had imbued him early with all his own hatred of France and love of Brittany, two sentiments that with him were passions. The death of this son had been a cruel blow to the old man. It was not merely a son he had lost; it was the heir of his opinions who sunk into the tomb. He felt himself growing old. Would he have time to inoculate George with his hate and his love?

Kings, from whom God takes away the son who would have continued their political works laboriously begun, look in despair on the cradle of the royal orphan. This child will take twenty years to reach manhood; a day is sufficient to overthrow a dynasty. Nicholas Treml was not a king; but he looked on himself as the last representative of a vanquished thought, which might in its turn conquer. James was his right hand; George was but a child. Instead of a war sword to lean on, the old lord had but a reed in his hand.

There was in Brittany a poor family of doubtful nobility, which claimed to be a branch of the Treml stock, and added that name to its own. Before James's death, the Baron had set on foot a legal process to compel this family, De Vannoy, to lay aside its pretensions to his name. This suit was going on, and to all appearance, the Parliament of Rennes would have decided against the Vannoys, when James died. This event seemed to change suddenly the designs of the Baron; who stopped the action at law, and invited Hervey de Vannoy, the oldest son, to visit him immediately; a request he was far from refusing.

He made his journey through the forest on a mean work-horse. Let us take a view of the rider. He was a little man, of full habit of body; his hair was red; its heavy locks formed the picture-frame of a visage smiling and meek. His gray eyes almost disappeared under his bushy eyebrows, but so far as one could see them, their expression was pleasant, in good keeping with the ruddy freshness of his cheeks. On the whole, he had the air of a jolly fellow who had seen life; it was impossible to meet with him once, without saying: "There goes an excellent little man." On seeing him a second time, you would not have spoken with quite so much certainty. On a third view, one began to suspect that he was not altogether so good as he wished to seem.

When he drew near the proud castle to which he had been summoned, he drew up his cart horse, and could not repress a cry of joy.

"Good faith," he murmured, much moved; "our house of Vannoy, with its stables, barns, and pigeon houses, could all be put under the portal of this noble castle. Surely the Baron, my cousin, won't be so hard hearted as not to give me a crib in some corner of it, or other; and when one has got his foot in a corner, and a bold heart, the devil will do the rest." Why, he seemed to consider himself already the destined owner of the whole place.

He lifted the heavy knocker of the gate, and put aside his smile of triumph, to take an air humble and reserved.

The Baron was seated under the high arch of the great fire-place of his dining-hall. At his side, a large and beautiful dog of a renowned breed was sleeping lazily. In a corner, little George, now about four years old, was playing at the knees of his nurse. Hervey de Vannoy was announced. The old seignor turned slowly toward the new comer; the dog, springing to his four feet, gave a low growl. "Peace, Job," said the Baron. The dog lay down again, but without taking his eyes off the threshold where Hervey stood uncovered, and bending forward with respect. De Tremlays continued to examine the stranger in silence. At the end of a few seconds, he seemed suddenly to make up his mind, and rose from his seat; yet with doubt in his soul.

"Come hither, my cousin," said he, with a blunt courtesy; "you are welcome to the castle of our common ancestors."

Hervey could not repress a start of joy at seeing his parentage, in which he scarcely believed himself, so soon and so easily recognized. At a gesture from the old gentleman, he took his place within the great enclosure of the fire-place. The interview was short and decisive.

"I hope, Mr. de Vannoy, that you are a true Breton!"

"Yes, by the saints, my cousin," replied the other, "a true Breton."

"Resolved to give his life for the good of the Duchy!"

"The life and his blood, Baron."

"Detesting France!"

"Yes, detesting France."

"Excellent," cried the Baron. "Shake hands, De Vannoy, my friend. We will get on together admirably; and my grandson will have a father, in case of misfortune."

Hervey was installed that very evening in the castle, which became his permanent abode. George was confided to his special care; he affected for the child an extraordinary tenderness.

Things remained on this footing for eighteen months.

The Baron took Hervey gradually into his entire confidence, regarding him, after what he thought a sufficient trial, as an excellent, trustworthy relative. The domestics followed their master's example; Vannoy had everybody's good word. There were only two personages in whose eyes he found no favor; the first and the most important was Job, the favorite dog of De Tremlays; the second was John Blanc, the albino. Every time Vannoy entered the room, Job fixed his two great eyes on him, and growled so fiercely that his master had to order him peremptorily to be quiet. In vain Vannoy tried to make friends with him; Job, thorough Breton as he was, was as obstinate as a rock, and would not change his opinion. De Tremlays was often much struck at this aversion; it caused him not a few misgivings; for he held Job to be a dog of eminent good sense and keen observation. On the other hand, Vannoy was so humble, so serviceable, so devoted, and then he detested France so heartily! Impossible to cherish suspicions of a man who abhorred the Regent.

As to John Blanc, his hatred was much less to be dreaded. He occupied, in the social scale, a position infinitely lower than that of Job. By trade a hoop-cutter, he passed for an idiot; and could not have supported his old father, had it not been for the charitable help of the lord of the domain. He was allowed the run of the kitchen; for the Breton hospitality welcomes men, beggars and animals, with an equal warmth; but it was with difficulty he conquered his place by the fire, and he had to execute many a caper to disarm the bad will of the steward at meal times.

"Back! cursed white wolf," cried that important functionary. "Are you not ashamed, you scum of a fellow, to ask the alms due only to a Christian?"

John, according to his humor at the moment, shook his head and laughed heartily; or cast down his eyes, full of tears. At times, a flash of reason or of pride seemed to shoot across his brain. Then the inflamed edge of his eye-lids became livid, while a touch of scarlet blazed out on his cheek. But this but for a moment; Jude, the equerry, would take his part; and his natural apathy had already triumphed over his short-lived rage.

"A little more charity, now," the equerry would say to the major-domo. "John Blanc is the son of his father, who was a worthy servant of Treml. Our master does not wish us to treat in this style the good people of the forest."

Jude spoke the truth. Treml was kind to his vassals; but however excellent a lord may be, insolence, that gangrene of flunkydom, is sure to find, in a great house, some corner to lurk in.

Allan, the steward, grumbled a Brittany oath, and cut a piece of bread with a bad grace for John Blanc, who dipped it in his soup, without apparent grudge, and eat his meal with the most perfect equanimity.—When he had done, they gave him a second bowl of broth, smoking hot, to carry to his father, Matthew Blanc, the old basket-maker.

This calmness of John Blanc, was it feigned or real? A question we cannot settle precisely, for among those who knew him best, opinions varied. People agreed that his brain contained not the complete round of ideas necessary to thorough good sense—but was he, after all, an idiot? All day long he was singing the chorus of some strange old song or other in the thick tops of the high chestnut trees; or he might have been seen gamboling along the forest-paths; at evening prayers his wan visage was grimacing at such a rate that choristers, church-wardens and beadle were all ready to split their sides with laughter. Yet John took care of his old father with the delicate attention of a devoted daughter; when Matthew needed cordials, John worked double tides to pay for them; and more than one peasant vouched for it that he had seen him in the evening, on his knees in prayer by the bedside of the sleeping old man. Besides, he was known to be capable of a gratitude unlimited. He once threw himself, unarmed, before a wild boar which was threatening the equerry, Jude, his protector; he had climbed repeatedly the high walls of the garden of Tremlays, merely to kiss with tears of joy the hands of little Master George, the son of his benefactor. His tenderness for the child had grown into a vehement passion, and those who had no belief in his idiotism, said that his hatred of Vannoy arose from regarding him as an intruder, destined to deprive George of his heritage.

They said this when they had nothing else to talk about that was more interesting; for truth to tell, John was a very secondary subject of conversation. Except Vannoy, who had a vague and instinctive fear of him, Jude, and the Baron who did not disdain now and then to converse familiarly with him, nobody occupied himself much with the poor fellow. People admired his wonderful skill in all bodily exercises, just as they would have admired the agility of a forest stag; his doubtful craziness did not so much as surround him with the mysterious prestige which attaches itself, in half-savage districts, to beings deprived of reason. As to women, he was to them an object of disgust or of mockery. They laughed when they saw at a distance his face that looked as though it had been powdered with meal; and which might well be compared to the clown's mask on the stage; they shuddered when in the evening they saw the phosphorescent blaze of his red eyes gleaming from under the snow-like shroud of his hair.

But let us get back to Nicholas Treml, whom we left meditating by the bed of his grandson. Doubtless his reflections held him with a potent grasp; for several long hours he remained motionless, and so profoundly absorbed that he might have been taken for one of those old heroes cut out of stone who sleep on ancient tombs. The castle clock had struck midnight a long while, when he shook off his reverie. He rose, with a pale and resolute look. He took the lamp that burned before him, and traversed the hall gently, trying not to clang his spurs, in order not to disturb the boy's sleep.

"Vannoy is incapable of betraying me," he murmured,—for he was not quite sure of the wisdom of trusting him so much; "but loyalty does not exclude prudence; God alone can fathom human hearts. I will take my precautions."

The night wind swept through the long corridor of the haughty old castle. Treml, sheltering the flame of the lamp with his hand, descended the grand staircase, and betook him to the armory, where Jude Lebur, his equerry, kept watch, equipped in armor. He gave him a sign to follow him, which Jude instantly obeyed in silence. Treml then remounted with rapid step the castle stairs, traversed again the long corridors, and introduced Jude into a small apartment which he had chosen as his peculiar retreat. When Jude had entered, Treml pointed him to a chair, and double locked the door.

The honest equerry was not accustomed to distrust the conduct of his master; when Treml spoke, Jude listened with respect, but without a question. But now the demeanor of the old lord was so singular, his countenance bore the signature of a resolution so soleman, that the equerry could not restrain his curiosity.

"My respected lord," he began—

Treml imposed silence on him with a gesture, and unlocked a chest fastened in the wall. From this chest he drew an empty iron coffer, which he placed on the floor. Then, taking from the bottom of a secret compartment handfuls of gold, he piled them methodically in the coffer, counting the pieces one by one. This lasted a long time, for he counted a hundred thousand French livres. Jude could not believe his eyes; he racked his brains to divine the motive of this extraordinary proceeding. When the hundred thousand had been placed in the coffer, Treml secured it with a double padlock, and then sat down in front of Jude.

"To-morrow," said he, with a deep, calm voice, "you will take this box with you on your best horse, and wait for me before sunrise, at the Wolf's Den." Jude nodded assent. "Before going away, you will ask my cousin Vannoy to come to me immediately. Go!" Jude went towards the door. "Stop," continued his lord. "You will take with you all that you will need on a long journey. You will choose your best armor, and longest sword, as for a fight in which you may meet your death. You will bid adieu to those whom you love. Have you made your will?"

"No," replied Jude.

"Then you had better make it."

Jude gave a sign of passive obedience, and took away the box.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A letter to The Morning Star describes a safety balloon, to consist of several balloons inside each other, and in the centre a sheet-iron or copper chamber filled with gas, connected with the car by a crank which would move it about and steer the whole structure.

☞ Shakspeare's 300th birthday takes place in April, 1864, when there is to be a great time in England in his honor. Prof. Rotscher of Berlin, calls upon the German nation also to have a celebration to one who is not only the poet of all time, but of the whole world.

☞ Quick Work.—A firm of biscuit manufacturers in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what could be done by rapid work recently had a field of wheat reaped, the grain threshed and ground and the flour made into biscuits, which were served hot on the breakfast-table at eight o'clock, in exactly four hours from the time the sickle was first put into the standing grain.

☞ French papers often mention cases of death from the bites of flies who had been feeding upon putrid matter—and are continually pressing upon country people the importance of burying carcasses, offal, &c., instead of leaving them in the roads.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

☞ Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

We regret very much that in consequence of the detention of the mails by the steamship Africa—owing to the unfortunate accident that happened to that vessel off Cape Race—we are unable to give our readers this week the conclusion of "Eleanor's Victory." The mails of the Africa are expected from St. Johns by other vessels in time for next week's paper.

EAST AND WEST.

Considerable has been said during the present war relative to the comparative merits of the Eastern and the Western Union soldiers. The successes of our armies in the West have been contrasted by some with the career of the army of the Potomac, and often to the disadvantage of the latter. On the other hand it has been said that the army of Virginia was composed of the very flower of the rebel forces, gathered together for the safety of their capital, and commanded by the ablest Generals of the Southern states.

A recent letter from Chattanooga, alluding to this question, says:—

There was a good deal of interest felt in our army as to the opinions of Longstreet's men of the comparative fighting qualities of the Eastern and Western troops. The intelligent prisoners belonging to Longstreet's Divisions, who were taken, were interrogated on this point. Their testimony was that the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were as brave as those of the Army of the Cumberland, but they said the fire of Rosecrans' men was more deadly than that of the Eastern soldiers; they were, in the aggregate, much better marksmen, and they rallied more rapidly when they had been broken. The rebs were somewhat surprised at the tenacity with which the regiments of the Army of the Cumberland maintained their organization under reverses. They repeatedly found regiments that they supposed had been routed, put into firm fighting condition in a few minutes.

We are inclined to regard the above statement as correct in one very important respect—and that is in the comparative marksmanship of the Eastern and Western troops. It is only reasonable to suppose that our Western brethren, living in districts where the larger kinds of game are still abundant, and which have been for such a very little time gained to civilization, would be better marksmen than the people of the older Atlantic states. And thus in one very important particular they may be better soldiers. Their being more accustomed to frontier life, and to roughing it in the woods and prairies, may also give them an advantage.

On the other hand, however, the West must credit the East with the splendid exploits of the navy. If the East lacks from its position in some of the natural qualifications for a struggle on the land, it owes also to its position its great capabilities for successful struggles on the sea. To the East must be credited the blockade of the whole southern coast from Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande. To the seamen of the East must be awarded the glory of the capture of the forts at Hatteras and at Port Royal, and the splendid daring manifested at the capture of New Orleans. To them also is due the glory won by the Monitors, including the sinking of the dreaded Merrimac.

When all these things are taken into consideration, including the fact that from the East has come the principal portion of the wealth which has enabled the Administration to carry on the war, the claims of this portion of the Union to at least an equality of services, are apparent. And an equality of glory is all the East claims. Farther is it from her to claim any superiority over her sister of the West, who so nobly has vindicated her title to military ability and patriotic self-sacrifice.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Living and Loving. By Virginia F. Townsend. With a portrait of the Author. Published by J. W. Bradley, 48 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia. This is a collection of Miss Townsend's stories, of whose peculiar excellencies our readers are well aware—though none of these in this volume, we believe, have appeared in the Post.

Freedom and War. Discourses on subjects suggested by the Times. By Henry Ward Beecher. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Gala-Days. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Woman's Wrongs," &c. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The publication of another volume of miscellanies from the pen of "Gail Hamilton," is an event to be welcomed with pleasure.

The shrewdness and humor of these essays, their compound of sense and sprightliness, make them extremely amusing, yet, at the same time, not unprofitable reading. The "breath o' caller air" that breathes through them is in refreshing contrast to the tropical heat and alternate glow and gloom that characterize the most pretentious productions of the feminine intellect of New England at present:—the passionate and emotional stories and poems of Miss Prescott, Miss Terry, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stockton, and their congeners.

"Gail Hamilton's" style is as feminine, if not as powerful, in its own way as that of any of these writers; all the more so for her comic little assumptions of "strong-mindedness," "woman's rights," &c., and the hovering on the border-land of these, where compact expressiveness often offers such temptation to a clever and high-spirited woman.

Her piquant manner of inveighing against the peculiarities and foibles of the "male persuasion" can be best illustrated by the opening passage of "Gala-Days," which we find every lady reader clap her hands over, immediately adjusting the cap to the nearest masculine head.

"Once there was a great noise in our house,—a thumping and battering and grating. It was my own self dragging my big trunk down from the garret. I did it myself because I wanted it done. If I had said, 'Hallcarnassus, will you fetch my trunk down?' he would have asked me what trunk? and what did I want of it? and would not the other one be better? and couldn't I wait till after dinner?—and so the trunk would probably have had a three-days journey from the garret to basement. Now I am strong in the wrists and weak in the temper; therefore I used the one, and spared the other, and got the trunk downstairs myself."

This sportive vein is the writer's best and most characteristic, and by its aid she frequently and adroitly saves herself from the gulf of bathos to which an occasional overstrain of the poetic and sentimental leads her somewhat dangerously near. Under its guise, too, come passages of strong, shrewd sense, such as the following:

"I have no patience with this modern outcry against creeds. You hear people inveigh against them, without for a moment thinking what they are. They talk as if creeds were the hand and front of human offending, the infallible sign of bigotry and hypocrisy, incompatible alike with piety and wisdom. Do not these wise men know that the thinkers and doers of the earth, in overwhelming majority, have been creed men? Creeds may exist without religion, and neither religion, nor philosophy, nor politics, nor society, can exist without creeds. There must be a creed in the head, or there cannot be religion in the heart. You must believe that Deity exists, before you can reverence Deity. You must believe in the fact of humanity, or you cannot love your fellows. A creed is but the concentration, the crystallization of belief. Truth is of but little worth till it is so crystallized. Truth lying dissolved in oceans of error and nonsense and ignorance, makes but a feeble ferment. It wrashes everywhere, but to deluge, not to benefit. Precipitate it, and you have the salt of the earth. Political opposition, inorganic, is but a blind, cumbrous, awkward, inefficient thing; but construct a platform, and immediately it becomes lithe, efficient, powerful. Even before they set foot on these rude shores, our forefathers made a compact, and a nation was born that day. It is on creeds that strong men are nourished, and that which nourishes the leaders into eminence, is necessary to keep the mass from sinking. A man who really thinks, will think his way into light. He may turn many a somersault, but he will come right side up at last. But people in general do not think, and if they refuse to be walled in by other people's thoughts, they inevitably flop and flounder into pitiable prostration. So important is it, that a poor creed is better than none at all. Truth, even adulterated as we get it, is a tonic. Bring forward something tangible, something positive, something that means something, and it will do. But this flowery, misty, dreamy humanitarianism,—I say humanitarianism, because I don't know what that is, and I don't know what the thing I am driving at is, so I put the two unknown quantities together, in a mathematical hope that minus into minus may give plus,—this milk-and-watery muddle of dreary negations that remits the world to its original fluidic state of chaos, I spew it out of my mouth. It was not on such pap our Cæsars fed, that made them grow so great. I believe that the common people of early New England were such lusty men, because they strengthened themselves by gnawing at their tough old creeds. Give one something to believe, and he can get at it and believe it; but set out butting your head against nothing, and the chances are that you will break your neck. Take a good stout Christian, or a good sturdy Pagan, and you find something to spring up against; but with nebulous vapidista, you are always slumping through and sprawling everywhere."

The series of articles called "Gala-Days," are accompanied in this volume by six others, on miscellaneous subjects, mostly reprinted from the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, though several are now first presented to the public. We trust our sample bricks will inspire those of our readers to whom they are new, with a desire to inspect the whole building.

☞ Jupiter made a wound upon his head to let Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, find her way out, and ever since many mortals have thought it necessary to scratch their heads to enable a wise idea to escape.

TRIFLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HATTY HAWTHORN.

SOCIAL MARTYRS.

I have no doubt that Mr. Fox, the gentleman who made martyrs his specialty, gave his mind to the subject, and thought he had mastered it in all its branches. Men were born to fall into opinions—perhaps in the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence—because it forms a wholesome and innocent recreation for our sex, to see them laboring under the same. Mr. Fox is not an exception. That unhappy man died in ignorance of true martyrdom, with his experience confined within the prescribed limits of the stake and faggots, wild horses, boiling oil, pincers, clubs, hot lead, &c. Where does he say a word about tight gaiters? Where, in all his pages, is there a mention of dresses tight under the arms and loose at the waist, or cloaks that fall off the shoulders and won't set easy about the neck? Does this one-sided work of his take into consideration that style of bonnet that prefers slipping down on your spine, to resting properly on your head? Does he dwell on the agonies of a dress too long in front, and that trips you up at every fifth step, and makes you stumble when you want to walk with dignity and ease? No, he confines himself too much to the time when they wore bolts of white linen; when people might arise in the morning, throw a white sheet over their shoulders and appear in society in full dress, and when it could scarcely be called martyrdom to be crushed, scorched, singed, disjointed, or otherwise thrust out of the world that possessed so few attractive articles of apparel. Is there no young feminine Fox, no grand-daughter of the deceased compiler of torments, to turn her benevolent attention to the hourly sacrifices and immolators of themselves, that belong to the present day? I wish there were, that I might direct her attention to one particular class, that my heart aches to have justice done to. They are those who wear an imaginary hair shirt under their frills and ruffles, and carry on the end of their tongues a monastic lash, wherewith to moderate their pleasures, and other people's too. They "who heard the new singer, and suppose she is very fine, but really don't take much pleasure in that sort of thing now." Who "saw the play, but don't recall it, as they never charge their mind with plays." Who "read the book, but don't remember the part you mention, one loses their taste for that kind of reading so soon." Who, when you meet them in society, mention casually, with a languid smile, "that Mrs. C——— would make them promise to come,"—and leave the impression that their coming has been a self-sacrifice. Who "did use to play, but are out of practice;" who "once sang, but whose music is lost;" whose past as constantly referred to must have been brilliant, but whose present is a smile of the consistence of water gruel, and whose wildest emotion is a shadowy surprise at other people's enjoyment. Pray look to them, Miss Fox! They are martyrs, and their martyrdom is contagious. Joyous, impulsive souls catch it, and begin to sigh vaguely and wonder if it isn't silly to be always pleased. My dear, suppositious Miss Fox, don't allow the ladies "who know Mrs. Climber must be wild with them for not going to see her," to escape you. Remember how they say, "I promised Mrs. Hill ages ago to go there, and she is perfectly furious at me, I know." "And there's the Toadys, who have begged and entreated me to go and dine with them, but what can I do?" They are martyrs to visiting. They keep a list, and do it regularly, and when they call on you, and represent the rest of the world in attitudes of abject entreaty, sueing them for their society, don't be alarmed; they will say the same of you; it makes conversation and soothes their own feelings. Dear young lady, let your volume be illustrated with small woodcuts, like your charming grand-papa's was, and do give a few pictures of those sweet creatures who are martyrs to their husbands. Let your frontispiece be Mrs. A———, forcibly dragged to the theatre—although she cares nothing at all about it. Let Mrs. B——— appear in that "bonnet her husband would insist on her getting." And crush Mrs. C——— with the weight of that shocking dress the wretched C——— bought, when "he knew she despised the color." Give a faint impression of the dying agonies of that dear creature who "worked herself to death with two children and three servants," and let there be at least one illustration of the myriads who have sacrificed themselves, and gone perfectly distracted with a "new girl."

CAMPS AND THE ENCAMPED.

Yesterday being a day made for the occasion, I went on a pilgrimage to Islington Lane, and saw the "milurytary," as Noah Claypole calls them. No more beautiful site could possibly be chosen than the green, level fields that stretch away as smooth as a bowling green on either side. In the background, the forest verdure of the Cemetery rises dark and green, while clumps of trees and lines of white tents give a picturesque air to the scene that is really charming. Our party being early took a graveyard stroll, and admired the firemen's statue and the figure of Franklin, while waiting for the music to begin. Apropos of music, was there ever a sweeter combination of sounds than Skobert's Serenade, as played by Dodsworth's Band. It was the first air that preceded parade, and it was followed by others equally fine, while the visitors formed into groups over the field to view the drill. To the sound of an inspiriting march, a company of officers stepped out gayly, all and every one of them being handsome enough for the heading figure of a piece of music entitled the "Soldier's Love," or the "Warrior's Farewell." Really, it must be quite harrowing, to coin a word, in youthful female bosoms, to see such a martial array daily; it's enough to revive the days of Knight-errantry, and make every lady take to embroidering scarfs for her chosen warrior, and sighing out of garret windows, which are the only modern substitutes for a turret casement. Wandering about, I made the acquaintance of a high private, of very impressive appearance, who gave me much voracious information on military matters, and expressed a decided opinion on the superiority of the regiment to which he belonged, and great doubts as to the ultimate turning out of the cavalry. He was accompanied by another gentleman, who corroborated all he said by repeating the words "That's so, Bill," at the conclusion of all his narrations. This satisfactory interview closed, we turned our attention to the ranks, formed of fine-looking fellows, who did marvellous things with their muskets, and flourished their bayonets in a miraculous manner, without once dislodging the eyes of their companions, as one would think they inevitably must. Like the Pickwickians, our party shrunk and quailed before the order "Charge!" for it is rather disquieting to see an extensive line of firearms levelled directly in front of one; but as the Pickwickians escaped unscathed, so did we, and went on our way rejoicing, glorifying in the martial hope of our country.

FEMALE MEDICAL EDUCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Female Medical College of this city is about entering upon its Fourteenth Annual Session. The efforts of the friends of Female Medical Education have been crowned with great success in this institution. The time has passed when this was but an experiment; the graduates of the college are now scattered throughout the country ornaments to their profession, and living testimonies of woman's ability to fill the position of physician as well as nurse. It is needless now to go over the arguments that were once necessary to prove the propriety of such a college—the arguments have been admitted, and their correctness fully proven by the results.

We deem it only necessary to call attention to the fact that the Female Medical College of Philadelphia enters this fall upon a new session with improved facilities, with the highest professional talent, and with every necessary arrangement to ensure its students a thorough medical education.

Having stated these facts we are sure that there will be no lack of ladies who will be eager to avail themselves of these advantages. The Woman's Hospital adjoins the college, which is under the charge of one of the graduates, now a professor in the college. The students are thus enabled to obtain an experience of incalculable value to them.

M.

The Teacher and the Mathematician.

There were two brothers, poor Prussians, who played roulette upon a calculation, and, as an exceptional case, won. As a rule, nothing leads to ruin more surely than playing on a system. The two Prussians, however, had something more in their favor than a mere calculation of recurring numbers and so on. They earned a livelihood at Frankfort by giving lessons; one was a teacher of languages, while the other imparted instruction in mathematics. While the first was paying his court to a young lady, the mathematician was watching the play at Homburg. At length the lover gained his ends; his lady love gave him her hand, and brought him a fortune of 10,000 florins. At this moment the mathematician brought forward the experiences he had acquired at Homburg. "Every morning," he said, "an attendant cleans the roulette-machine with whiting, and is constantly obliged to press heavily on certain parts which take a polish with difficulty. Through this, some spots on the brass are depressed in a manner imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in its results. The rolling ball is diverted from its ordinary course by these invisible grooves; hence certain numbers are sure to win repeatedly during a day, while others never turn up." The brothers proceeded to Homburg, and began playing. The mathematician regularly made his appearance two hours earlier than his brother in the Kursaal, and noted down all the winning numbers, though without punting. Those which came up most frequently during the two hours were then backed by his brother. Their want of passion insured them success, for they were as cool and as calm as the bank. They won 1,000 francs a day. When this sum was attained, they infallibly left the green table, and did not return until the next morning. In this way they are said to have gained half a million of francs.—*Gambling Houses of Germany.*

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LETTER FROM NASHVILLE.

WOUNDED AT CHICKAMAUGA.

We are indebted to Thomas Bakewell, Esq., for the following interesting letter from Nashville, giving some important information concerning the wounded of the late battles on the Chickamauga, as connected with the operations of the United States Sanitary Commission:—

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 20, 1863.

Thomas Bakewell, Esq., President Pittsburg Sanitary Commission:—Dear Sir,—Our party of seven having left Louisville at 9 o'clock A. M., last Saturday, arrived in this city about sunset. About four cars were crowded with passengers, but there was little excitement at Louisville, on the train, or at Nashville, regarding the last battle that had just been fought. The state of public feeling was far different from that of our eastern cities at the time of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, in the summer, in the midst of marches and battles have, in this region, lost their exciting effect. It was with difficulty we could obtain any satisfactory intelligence as to Gen. Rosecrans's recent movements. Contradictory statements were wafted on every breeze, as well as found in the newspapers, and it was not until to-day that here, in Nashville, we had any connected account of the battle and its results. After severe fighting our army was compelled, by superior numbers, to fall back on Chattanooga for a defensive position and protection of lines of communication, and the enemy doubtless feel great chagrin at their failure to cut our troops and drive them into the Tennessee. Since the great battle was fought on the Chickamauga, several unsuccessful attempts have been made to cross the river in force, both above and below Chattanooga, but the woods and mountains admit of such undertakings only at certain fords which are strongly guarded by our own troops. The railroad communication from this city extends only to Bridgeport, and as the country between that point and Chattanooga is in possession of the enemy, all our reinforcements and supplies have to proceed a long way around over the mountains, for fifty miles, and over the same road all the wounded have been obliged either to walk or be hauled in ambulances. This must prove a great impediment to the progress of our forces, and source of suffering to our wounded. Our latest news to-day from the front is that Chattanooga will be held, and there is a strong probability that the enemy is already withdrawing his forces. Burnside is in position on Rosecrans's left, to prevent a flanking movement. The military authorities have taken exclusive possession of all rolling stock south of Louisville. From the fear that Chattanooga might be attacked by overwhelming numbers, our thoughts now bound to the hope that Bragg may not escape before Rosecrans is ready to take the offensive.

The number of killed and wounded in the battles of the 19th and 20th inst., has gradually decreased as accurate reports have been received. Little artillery was used by the rebels, because of the rough ground and thick woods, and their losses were beyond doubt much greater than ours. About 5,000 wounded have actually arrived in this city, some of whom have proceeded further north, but the great majority of them are comfortably provided for in the hospitals of this city. These cases are, of course, those of the least severity, as no dangerously injured man could walk or even endure the ride of fifty miles from Chattanooga to the railroad. About 1,500 sick and wounded are reported at Chattanooga, and several hundred, perhaps a thousand in all, are at different points between here and there. The larger part of our dead, and many of our severely wounded, must have fallen in the hands of the enemy on the retreat of our forces. Under a flag of truce a number of wounded have already been sent within our lines, but it is painful to think of the sufferings of those who remain with the rebels needing care and supplies.

Immediately on hearing of the battle a corps of inspectors and relief agents were pushed forward by the Sanitary Commission to join those already in the field with the Army of the Cumberland. Our communication with them and with Louisville is constant. Agents established feeding stations at Stephenson and Bridgeport, at which the wounded obtain warm food and timely care during their journey to this city. In addition to the supplies on the ground in advance, car load after car load were promptly sent forward from Louisville and this point. The ambulances which brought the wounded across from Chattanooga to the railroad returned laden with our stores. Yesterday twenty army wagons were obtained, and today thirty more, and were loaded with supplies for the front. These shipments will doubtless have inestimable value for the saving of life and preventing of suffering, as our reports from the army tell of great deficiency in hospital supplies. Should the second battle, that now seems imminent, take place, there must be great relief, and now is the time for the friends of the cause to put forth in anticipation active efforts.

The sick and wounded soldiers in this city occupy the excellent buildings which were taken for hospitals long ago by the medical authorities, and a good camp on the edge of the city. Since my arrival I have visited with Dr. Patton, the Vice President of the Chicago Sanitary Commission, all these institutions. The Masonic building furnishes two fine large halls well ventilated and filled with hospital cots; a large brick factory used formerly for the manufacture of arms, makes a second excellent hospital, capable of holding many hundred patients. The military college, several high schools, two hotels and a large seminary building, with still other buildings are similarly employed. We were struck with the care and comfort which surround our brave boys when sick and wounded. They lie on clean fresh beds of straw with white sheets and pillow cases that often bear the mark of some northern ladies' aid society. Iron bedsteads with mosquito bars are provided for the patients in almost every ward in the city. The general hospitals of Nashville are well stocked, and in one I saw a number of arm-slings made by the Pittsburg ladies. One poor fellow who had been hit in the wrist seemed to be taking such great comfort in his sling that I wished the kind lady that made it could have seen how well it suited the purpose for which it was designed. Dr. Clendenin, the Medical Director in this city, is spoken of in the highest terms for his faithfulness and efficiency, which have done so much to improve the condition of the hospitals. In this immediate locality the chief need is of fresh vegetables, (onions and potatoes,) dried fruits and pickles. The patients do not receive that change and variety of food which is so important for their welfare. If these facts were known throughout the country, among the generous farmers of Pennsylvania, they would doubtless furnish such things bountifully to the Sanitary Commission for distribution.

During the present emergency, the Medical Director has found it necessary to occupy our "Soldiers' Home" for a hospital. In our work of Special Relief there is much to do, as there are many individual soldiers needing special assistance, and many friends push forward to find their wounded, and can get no further than this city. Miss Hopkins, who has long been identified with the Commission, continues her activity and usefulness. She made kind inquiries for the Pittsburg ladies with whom she has been in correspondence.

The Chicago Sanitary Commission continues its donations with marvelous generosity. A short time ago one shipment was made costing $9,000 (The arrangements for the great North-Western Fair are progressing in the most satisfactory manner.)

With great respect, I remain, sir,
Yours, respectfully,
JOSEPH SHIPPEN.

CAMP LETTERMAN HOSPITAL,
Near Gettysburg, Sept. 26, 1863.

The undersigned surgeons and assistant surgeons of the general hospital near Gettysburg, take pleasure in expressing our gratification at the manner in which the affairs of the Sanitary Commission have been managed in this place since the late battle. The supplementary articles for the sick and wounded soldiers have been abundant, comprising every requisite which the exigency demanded, and which nothing but a well regulated system with much experience and forethought could have secured. We are furthermore convinced that the system adopted by the Sanitary Commission of disbursing their supplies only on the requisition of a surgeon, is the only proper and safe method, any other course necessarily supposes an extra force which is calculated to cumber the hospital with irresponsible attendants and to distract the public benefactions, if not divert them from a just and equal distribution among the patients for whom they are intended.

HENRY JAMES, Sur. U. S. V., in charge of hospitals, Gettysburg.

C. N. CHAMBERLAIN, Sur. U. S. V., in charge general hospital.

L. W. OAKLEY, Sur. and Act. Medical Purveyor.

J. D. OSBORNE, Sur. 4th N. J. V. and executive officer of camp.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Pennsylvania Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Mrs. Askin, Burlington, N. J., woolen socks.
Miss Jones, Roxborough, 1 box.
Harford Aid Society, Susquehanna county, 1 firkin.
Ladies' Aid, Jackson, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl.
Ladies' Aid, Bloomsbury, Columbia county, 2 boxes, Mrs. H. J. John, Sec'y.
Aid Society, Lower Providence, 1 box.
Ladies of All Saints Church and Torresdale, 2 packages.
Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery county, 1 barrel.
Central Ladies' Aid, West Chester, Chester county, 1 box, Rachel S. Price, Sec'y.
Misses Stevens, Princeton, N. J., 1 box.
Aid Society, North Shenango, Crawford co., 1 box, Mr. Shippen.
Ladies' Aid, Bloomfield, Crawford co., 1 box.
James Whitney, 1919 Vine street, clothing.
Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna county, 1 keg, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Aid Township Aid Society, Springdale, 2 bxs.
Relief Society, First Presbyterian Church, 2 packages.
Soldiers' Aid, Elk Lake Dunock, Susquehanna county, 1 box, Miss Woodruff.
Loyal Women's Association, Camden, N. J., 3 boxes and 1 barrel.
Mr. Bacon, 1 package.
St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, 2 packages.
School Lane Circle, Phila., Mrs. W. J. Johnson, clothing.
Auxiliary Society, Reading, 3 boxes, Miss Clara C. Gries, Sec'y.
Russell Hill, 1 box.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Bedford, Pa., Mary F. Barclay.
1 box, H. M. Rose, Port Hope, Canada West.
1 barrel, Wellsboro' Ladies' Aid, Miss Lucy C. Moore.

☞ Abernethy liked very well to talk with Spurzheim, who resided for some time in Scotland. One day, half seriously, half humorously, he said to Spurzheim—"Well, doctor, where do you place the organ of common sense?" "There is no organ," said he, "for common sense; it depends on the equilibrium of the other organs."

☞ HARSH JUDGMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, and not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

☞ NOISY MEN.—Noisy men are like railway engines, which make a great uproar, and sometimes no work; but they are always the puppets of the quiet men of intellect, who are the drivers and stokers of our great social machine.

PHILOSOPHY OF EXERCISE.

All know that the less we exercise the less health we have, and the more certain are we to die before our time. But comparatively few persons are able to explain how does exercise promote health. Both beast and bird, in a state of nature, are exempt from disease, except in rare cases; it is because the unappreasible instinct of searching for their necessary food, impels them to ceaseless activities. Children, when left to themselves, eat a great deal and have excellent health, because they will be doing something all the time, until they become so tired they fall asleep; and as soon as they wake, they begin right away to run again; their whole existence is spent in alternate eating, and sleeping, and exercise, which is interesting and pleasurable. The health of childhood would be enjoyed by them of mature years, if, like children, they would eat only when they are hungry; stop when they have done; take rest in sleep as soon as they are tired; and while not eating or resting, would spend the time diligently in such muscular activities as would be healthful, agreeable, and profitable. Exercise without mental elasticity, without an involvement of the feelings and the mind, is of comparatively little value.

Exercise is health-producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, and effete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin in the shape of perspiration, which all have seen, and which all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health. So exercise, by working out of the system its waste matters, keeps the human machine "free;" otherwise it would soon clog up, and the wheels of life would stop forever.

BODILY CARRIAGE.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and strengthening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you will walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness.

If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over, for their full chests, and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, or in public worship.

PETRIFIED BODIES.—An Australian correspondent of an English paper writes—"In a stony creek, fifteen miles from Castlemaine, were found the bodies of three aboriginals, quite whole, and not wanting in the smallest details, but which were petrified into solid marble. When I last saw them, I thought they were actually alive, until, on going closer, I noticed the eyes. They are in a sitting posture, and the veins, muscles, &c., may be distinctly traced through what is now a group of stone-blocks; they are in a splendid state of preservation, even the finger-nails, teeth, &c., are as perfect as they were five hundred years ago. One of them has a stone axe by his side without any haft."

☞ RICHES A BURDEN.—"And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." The Hebrew reading is, Abram was very *heavy*, etc. Riches are a burden. There is a burden of care in getting them, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given concerning them.

☞ There were six Sisters of Charity on the steamer Sahel, recently lost on the coast of Catalonia. They refused to enter the boats sent to their rescue until every other person had been saved.

☞ Mrs. Hooflich, a German woman, residing with her husband at La Crescent, Minnesota, in August, 1861, gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, she gave birth to three boys and a girl, two of the boys and the girl are living. On the 5th of last month, she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom are alive and well.

☞ A New York firm proposes to remove the obstructions in Charleston harbor in sixty days, for $250,000.

☞ A bridal veil six yards long and trailing half a yard, has just been imported by Stuart, valued at $600.

"In every marble block a statue sleeps;
An oak in every acorn. Thoughts are deeds
In slumber—never roused in coldest natures;
But quickened, in warm souls, to visible life
When daring *will* grasps the Promethean fire."

☞ An English laborer and his wife poisoned themselves with Prussic acid, and left an explanatory epistle, saying: "We were too lovin' to live together in this world."

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Gen. Meade had his headquarters on Friday at Centreville, and his pickets at Bristoe's train was at the same place at Manassas Junction. The last train from Alexandria reached Manassas Junction on Thursday morning. The rebel army of the Rapidan has fallen back to the line of the Rail Road Mountains.

New York says that the rebel army is concentrated at Culpeper Court House, and that it appears certain that he has not crossed the Potomac.

Missouri.

Recently a fight occurred between Price and Curtis, in which a "breakfast of coffee" and 94 bowls of punch, slip, &c., are charged to a company of half a dozen old Puritans, who met Sept. 26, 1768, to talk about the "Greate Uneasiness and Tumult on Occasion of the Stamp Act."

☞ The henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

☞ When a friar personated an apparition and haunted the chamber of the Emperor Joseph, of Austria, a relative of the monarch laid hold of the substantial phantasm and flung him out of the window.

☞ The only thing that prevents torpedoes from being a dangerous weapon in war is, that they hardly ever go off. But for this they would be very effective.

☞ Five millions and a half dollars have already been received as commutation under the enrolment act.

☞ The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.

☞ "Can't you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?" "No, you owe me for that already on your bones."

☞ "When do you tink de world will come to an end?" asked a German. "Oh, probably in about three months," answered the joker. "Ho, vell, I do not care for dat," exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction. "I pe going to Puffalo dis fall."

☞ "Check" is thus defined. Check is a rare union of fun, impudence, readiness, perseverance, and intelligence, endowing its possessor with the power of walking quietly over social obstacles which form an impassable barrier to the rest of mankind.

☞ PECULIARITIES.—No man lives without foibles or peculiarities; and instead of ungenerously exposing those of others to ridicule or contempt, we should make allowances for them, in order to receive an indulgence for our own.

☞ Chickamauga, the name of the creek on which the late bloody battles were fought, means, in the Cherokee tongue, Dead Man's River!

☞ COMFORT IN DEATH.—A good man, dying, once said:—"Fortunately death appeareth to me like a river, but now it has dwindled to a little rill; and my comforts, which were as a rill, have become as the broad and deep river."

☞ The next transit of Venus will take place in 1874, and the next afterwards in 1882. There will be great preparations to take observations in all parts of the world, and it is expected that the sun will be found to be four million miles nearer to the earth than was supposed.

☞ FLOWERY NAMES.—There is a family "out west," the offspring of which bear the following flowery Christian names:—Rosabella Ringeway, Loretta Sophronsla, Florus Hogarth, Harrietta Burdiretta, Floria Isadora, Fredolin Fitzaubin, Everard Lyfoye and Iverness Florentine.

☞ A chemical substitute for indigo has, it is said, been discovered in Paris which may largely affect the Indian trade in that article.

☞ Bayard Taylor is coming out in a new field, as a novelist. He calls his story "Hannah Thurston," a story of American life.

☞ FIVE FACTS.—A living faith is the best divinity; a holy life is the best philosophy; a tender conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

☞ A man cut off by his baker for nonpayment of his bill is "struck off the rolls."

☞ In Newport, R. I., a poor man found $300, and upon restoring it to its owner a well to do farmer, the generous man gave him the extraordinary sum of *five cents!*

☞ Every censurer of other people knows ten times as much ill of himself as he does of them.

☞ When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," said he; "when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

BY HENRY F. TAYLOR.

I have fancied sometimes, the old Bethel band
Were
That breathed to earth in the Psalmist's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the Mine of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That these brothers can blow open to Heaven and God!
Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright golden road,
—Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flow—
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!

"Let us sing in His praise," the minister said,
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York,"
Stunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along,
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme;
Where the stream of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir,
When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they sung
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down—
And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh, be lifted, ye Gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever amen!

—*Chicago Journal.*

THE CHILLINGHAM BALL.

"I am afraid it is no mistake—I do love him—I know myself at last; but I will not do myself dishonor, I will not let myself be jealous, ill-tempered, or mean, if I can help it."

Mary Pembroke was seated at her dressing-table, looking full at the mirror, as if she would read through her own eyes straight down into her soul. She was not gifted with fine or over-sensitive feelings, or she might have followed up these words spoken in her heart, by laying out a map of her future life, all desolate and waste, as a poor disappointed maiden's life would seem to be, until the picture had become too much for endurance, and she had buried her face in her hands and wept passionately over a future before which the eye of faith veils itself in silence and humility. She did not do this—she merely wiped two large tears from her eyes, and smoothed carefully the soft braids of her brown hair.

"I will not do myself dishonor," she said, "nor show that I am only a fair weather Christian."

She rose then, and knelt herself down by the white coverlid of her tiny bed, and asked for strength, meaning to use it.

It was the morning of the Chillingham ball, and in the days which preceded the railroad age, when neighborhoods were confined in fixed circles, this was an event of vital importance to the society which looked upon Chillingham as its central town. For years past that society had computed time by its Chillingham balls, as the Greeks by Olympiads. No young lady was considered to have reached a marriageable age, until she had made her first appearance there, and woe to her aching heart as the years went by, if they still compelled her to appear there unmarried, for there was a dreadful reckoning kept against her on the side seats where the dowagers rested, dowagers who well remembered her first appearance, when she must have been eighteen, at least.

Dread as the ordeal was, and willingly as many would have avoided it, it is not to be wondered at if mothers led their children there for the first time with aching and anxious hearts, judging from their knowledge of the banking-book at home how little provision would be left for them when the head-winner's hand should have ceased to work, and knowing that this appearance would test the world's opinion of them. Good children, they are perhaps educated to make careful housekeepers and dutiful wives; but what will the world say of them, they wonder, as they glance round the room with a slight sinking of the heart, lest when they have brought out the daughters they love so well for a little innocent amusement, they may be suspected of bringing their wares to market.

With feelings as keen as any other mother's, Mrs. Pembroke had looked forward to Mary's second appearance; and, until the last few days, she had anticipated a little triumph which should renew the days of her own youth. Mr. Pembroke was one of the chief solicitors in the town, and one whose well-tested probity had caused him to be received where his birth and connections would otherwise not have entitled him to notice. Some two or three years before, he had taken Arthur Sandford as a working partner, looking upon him as a young man of merit and industry; but very lately the connection between them had undergone a change. A relative had died, leaving Arthur Sandford a fortune, of which he might have had just expectations, but which he had never been foolish enough to reckon upon, and his place in the firm became a very different one. From that time Mrs. Pembroke had fancied she detected a change in his attentions to Mary. For years his attachment to her seemed certain, and youth upon her side, and uncertain prospects upon his, seemed to far-seeing friends the only obstacles to their marriage. During these days of happy intimacy, Mary had not cared to ask the question, which she had so bravely set herself to answer that day, nor had she noted the change her mother had detected until the last week, when a circumstance had assured her at once of her own state of feeling, and the necessity of conquering it.

Isabella Vaughan—her mother's niece, and the daughter of a rich London merchant—had come to spend the Christmas with them, bringing with her London fashions and small-talk, and enough of her father's money displayed in dress and jewelry to set Chillingham talking of her wit and beauty, although she was not quite so good-looking as Mary thought her. She was older than Mary, and more assured in her manners, and she had evidently set herself to make a conquest of the talented young solicitor, whose new house on the other side of the town was beginning to make people talk. Now, properly, Arthur Sandford should have shown himself indifferent to the London beauty, but he did not; he fell into the snare as readily as the silly fish seizes the well-baited hook. On some pretence or other, he was constantly at the house, and always the gentleman in attendance on the well-fledged coquette; and yet with a measure of his old caution, too, for he contrived to keep Mary always in their near neighborhood.

As the Chillingham ball approached, wonderful garments had made their appearance by coach from London for Isabella, while Mary's more modest toilet was doomed to disappointment.

"Mary," Mrs. Pembroke had said to her, "your papa confesses to a slight embarrassment in money matters just now, and has asked me to be very careful. I know he never says what is not true, or denies us what he can spare—dear child, can you do without a new dress for the ball?"

Mary considered a moment with blank face, then cleared it rapidly, and said, though with some little effort:

"Oh, yes, mamma dear! the one I wore last year will do quite well."

"Could we get it altered?" anxiously suggested Mrs. Pembroke.

"It will do quite well, mamma," said Mary; "to have it altered will be nearly as expensive as getting a new one. I do not mind it in the least."

So it was that when Mary sat in her little room, pondering over life and its difficulties, her last year's dress lay on the bed. There was a nice little fire, an unusual luxury, burning in the grate, for her mother, guessing, but not interfering with, the struggle going on within her, had thought she might like to be alone, and had ordered it early.

It had been a pretty dress, but the trimmings were last year's trimmings, so were the sleeves, and that which had been snow-white last year looked rather yellow now as it lay, reminding her of pleasant dances when he, who must be very dear no more, was by her side, listening for her voice above all others.

"I must go down," said Mary, wearily, and she went down to the drawing-room, where she found Isabel and her mother discussing the merits of a beautiful set of pearls which the former intended to wear with a superb white lace dress over a pink satin petticoat.

Mary came behind them in the gentle dignity of a heart true to itself, and admired the pearls, as who would not.

The door opened, and Mr. Sandford was announced. He entered, carrying two bouquets, one of white and exquisitely scented flowers, and the other composed of different colors, and evidently inferior to the other in beauty. With a courtly little speech of ordinary flattery he handed the white flowers to Miss Vaughan, and with a kind gentlemanly manner he offered the others to Mary.

She took them with a gentle grace, quietly thanking him, while Isabella overwhelmed him with thanks and praise.

"Mary," she said, "let me see if I do not like yours best—I suppose I may have which I like best, Mr. Sandford?"

"I daresay Miss Pembroke will not object to give you hers, if you prefer it," he said, quietly; "but I think I have chosen the best for you."

Here was an opportunity for Mary to say she did not care for either, but she only said:

"The white one will match your dress with its white ornaments, and it is much the prettiest."

"Well, if it is the prettiest, I will keep it," said Isabella, coquettishly; "and the red roses will do best with your old dress, dear, will they not?"

"Only a year old," said Mary, smiling, for she saw her mamma was deeply hurt that the fact should be brought before Mr. Sandford's notice, "and it is almost as good as new."

"Fancy!" cried Isabella; "hear her, Mr. Sandford! she says the dress she wore at the last Chillingham ball is as good as new."

"Why did you not have a new dress?" asked Mr. Sandford.

"Papa had other needs for his money this year," said Mary, "and mamma thought my dress would do."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Isabella; "as if papa was not always making the same outcry. I tell him I must have money, and I always get what I want."

"Perhaps your papa is richer than mine," said Mary; "but he cannot be kinder or more thoughtful. I would not tease him for the world."

"Your society is so very tempting," said Arthur Sandford, "that I almost forget I have business to do. Miss Vaughan, will you hold yourself disengaged for the first quadrille to-night?"

"Well, as a reward for such a pretty present, I think I must."

"Good-by, ladies," he said, and hurried off.

"How beautifully you do your back hair, Mary," said Isabella, almost querulously; "I wish I could do mine as well."

"Shall I do yours to-night?" said Mary.

"Oh, I wish you would—with those beautiful plaits, and my black hair would look so nice with them, black hair always dresses so much better than brown."

"You must go up early then, my dears," said Mrs. Pembroke, for anxiously she saw Mary's pale cheek. "Mary does not look very well to-night, and I should not like her to look ill at the ball."

Quickly and lovingly Mary looked up—she knew her mother felt for her, and was the more grateful that she did not force her into any confidence, which under the circumstances would be painful to both.

No sister decking another with careful hands could have braided Isabella's hair more tenderly than did Mary that night. Step by step she walked in faith, not caring to question of to-morrow. Arthur Sandford loved her not, but she must not be unkind or impatient to her he did love, or judge her with over careful judgment.

The evening came, and when all the aristocracy of Chillingham and its neighborhood assembled in the large dancing-room at the Angel Inn, Mary dressed in her last year's dress—which, by-the-bye, no one remembered, except a few who secretly respected her for wearing it—followed Mr. Sandford and her elegantly dressed cousin into the room, leaning on her father's arm. Her father was not so indifferent to what was going on as he might seem, but deemed her happiness so precious to him, and his dear child so far above all price, that if a word could have recalled Arthur against his will, he would not have uttered it.

The tide had set against Mary that night, however: many who had looked upon her as almost affianced to Arthur pitied her, but wished to be merry, and therefore did not ask her to dance, and as the gay music rattled on, she sat yet by her mother's side, although her gentle looks and patient smile might have attracted any one.

Arthur was dancing with Isabella, and flirting—ah, could such attention be courtship?

Presently they came to her—Isabella laughing, and holding up her beautiful lace dress which had a long rent in it.

"Miss Pembroke," said Arthur (how happy and handsome he looked), "we need you—your cousin has torn her dress—do you mind coming with us to the cloak-room?"

It was said in that tone which implies that all the world must give way before one person.

"Certainly," said Mary, and she rose and took his arm, that arm which used almost to belong to her, and accompanying them to the cloak-room, borrowed a needle and thread, and mended the dress as carefully as delicate lace could be mended in such a time, Arthur standing by and receiving all Isabella's badinage with good-natured smiles. Oh, Mary felt, if she might but lie down and hide herself in the cloak-room until the ball was over, and that dreadful music silent. But Arthur's eyes were on her, watching her curiously, she thought, and she drew on her gloves with a steady hand, and accompanied them back to her mother, with whom they left her.

She had not danced once—she had begged her mother not to seek for partners, and [illegible] and [illegible]—for Mrs. Pembroke felt she had been a perfect "well-flower," but at the end of the evening Arthur himself came and asked her. She did not refuse—she had no pretence for doing so—she had no intention of showing pique, and she endeavored to talk in the friendly style of old.

Once again his arm was about her waist,—could it be possible that it would soon be a crime to love him?

"I have a very great favor to ask you," he said, when they were walking after the dance.

"Indeed!" she said, in some surprise; "I will grant it if I can."

"My new house is finished," he said, his voice slightly changing, "and Miss Vaughan is very anxious to see over it, if Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke and you will bring her to-morrow."

Was it pique which induced her eager promise to do so if she could? Shall we condemn her very much if it were so?

"You will really persuade them, and come yourself?"

"Oh, yes, if you particularly wish it."

"I do particularly wish it. You cannot do me a greater favor," he said with emphasis.

"Then you may depend on my persuading papa and mamma to come."

"And have you no curiosity to see my new house?" he asked.

The question was too cruel, and tears sprang to her sweet brown eyes. Her feelings had been over-wrought, her strength outdone; but even then she did not try to hide her confusion by an angry word. She only said unaffectedly, "I hope you have made yourself very comfortable."

"I want you to see," he said, looking straight at her, and with a lurking smile in his blue eyes, "if you think it comfortable enough for a lady. I told Miss Vaughan I intended to be a bachelor all my life, but I do not think she believes me."

But Mary was now on her guard, her rosy blushes had died away to a shadow-like paleness, and no words of his, however thoughtless, were capable of recalling them that night.

"Papa says you understand furnishing," she answered; "and I suppose, as there has been so much talk of your new house, there is something worth looking at inside?"

"There will be," said Arthur, smiling, "when all is completed."

She took his words as they were probably meant, as referring to Isabella, and did not reply to them. Even on the part of her cousin she could not assume that he had proposed until he had actually come forward.

"I see mamma looking at me," she said, "she is going, I suppose; let us go to her."

No stiffness in her manner, no unkindness to the last.

He took her to Mrs. Pembroke, and resigning her, gave his arm to Isabella, whom he attended so assiduously to the cloak-room and the carriage, that he quite forgot to say good-night to the others.

Did Mary throw herself passionately down when that night she reached her little chamber? Did she say her heart would break, and, Jonah-like, require that she might die? Did she cast from her the love of parents, the blessings of a well-ordered home, the esteem of many friends and call them valueless?

No! strengthened as she had asked to be, and lowly kneeling by the snowy coverlid, she hid her pretty head, as she softly breathed with fervent lips and hallowed thought, "Thy will be done."

The next day at breakfast she made the request she had promised; and father and mother both respecting her wishes during her trial time, looked at Isabella's blushing face and consented without comment. If it must be, the sooner over the better.

It was snowing heavily, but Isabella had a new set of sables, which she was anxious to display, she said; and as they cost fifty guineas, she laughingly observed, they would enhance her value in the eyes of Mr. Sandford.

No need of that, Mary thought; Isabella looked so charming, and in such high and mysterious spirits, as if some secret were upon her lips, and longing to be disclosed.

"What farce are we called upon to see performed?" asked Mr. Pembroke, not able wholly to withhold his sympathy from the happy Isabella.

Isabella only laughed and colored. What better answer could she give? It was impossible to be very angry with her, though she had done them so much mischief, and had so much self-assurance and vanity, for she had a way of coming round those who blamed her most which was irresistible.

"I shall quite eclipse your old cloak, Mary," she said, as she displayed herself in her sables.

"It is not an old cloak," said Mary, trying to be light-hearted; "it was new this winter, and one of Chillingham's newest fashions. Do not call it old," she whispered, "for mamma is looking as if she ought to buy me some sables."

"Well, are they not beautiful?" she said, and proceeded in her rambling self-loving way to give the whole history of their purchase.

Plain French merinos were then all the fashion, and the cousins were both so dressed—Isabella, in dark becoming blue, and Mary in a rich red brown. They were both much more on a par in good looks than Mary was inclined to believe, but through she accepted her own low opinion of herself, she did not display any ill-humor. Yet who could fail to be depressed? Had not her golden dream past away as the rosy hues of a deceptive sunrise? and was not her day "dark and rainy," though her fair face looked out so sweet and calm?

Mrs. Pembroke prepared unwillingly to accompany them, and had not Mary asked her, nothing would have induced her to go to see her sacrificed, as she inwardly termed it.

Mr. Sandford came to fetch them, as Isabella said he had promised to do, and taking her and her sables safe under his umbrella, he would have also taken Mary, but she had already secured her father's arm, and was talking cheerfully to him of some of the little incidents of the night before, for Mr. Pembroke was sensitive, and often liked to know whether, in the opinion of his wife and daughter, his friends had been as kind and attentive as usual.

In this manner they went along the snowy road, amidst trees nodding with heavy drifts of snow, and ever and again the light laughter of Mr. Sandford and his companion came back to the more sober party behind. Presently they reached the pretty new house, surrounded by trees, which in the coming spring would so adorn it, and entered the little hall which formed so nice an entrance. A steady, middle-aged woman, well known to the Pembrokes, and by them recommended to Mr. Sandford, came forward to receive them, and took them to the dining-room, where a substantial luncheon lay waiting for them. Mr. Pembroke wished the meal at the antipodes, but every feeling of delicacy, as well as interest, prevented his taking offence at any line of conduct not positively aggressive on the part of his junior but richer partner.

"Dear aunt," said Isabella, saucily, and with well-assured ease, "let me see how the seat of honor suits me. May I, Mr. Sandford?"

"Miss Vaughan's word is law," replied the host, who, nevertheless, Mary thought, looked pale and thoughtful; and Isabella, with her handsome sables thrown slightly back, took the head of the table, and proceeded to do the honors with mock solemnity.

"Surely they are engaged, and we must make the best of it," thought Mrs. Pembroke; and she felt as if the breast of the partridge, which Isabella so coquettishly carved for her, would choke her.

Mary, only, was calm, easy, and lady-like. How proud her father felt of her self-command at a time when he was obliged to steady himself by taking an extra glass of wine.

"What do you think, aunt, of me as a hostess—shall I do?" said Isabella.

"Time enough, my dear, to give an opinion, when we see you perform the part in earnest," replied Mrs. Pembroke.

Was she mistaken, or did Mr. Sandford and Isabella really exchange glances? Certainly, Mr. Sandford rose, and proposed looking over the house; and they started on the tour of the rooms, giving what admiration they could to the snug library, the pretty drawing-room, and the master's study.

Mrs. Pembroke had duly interested herself in a newly-invented kitchen-range, a small house-mangle, and many bachelor contrivances for comfort and economy, and even penetrated to the stable, petted Mr. Sandford's well-known horse, and admired the carriage made for the two little ponies, which looked a great deal too much like a lady's equipage to be fitted for a bachelor's establishment; and when they had all done this, and returned again to the cheerful fire, they began to think their duty and courtesy had well been ended, and they might think of returning home.

"You approve of my house?" asked Mr. Sandford to Mrs. Pembroke.

"All very comfortable and appropriate," said Mrs. Pembroke; "very thoughtfully and nicely furnished, and I wish you as much happiness as you deserve."

"Thank you," he said, turning to Mary, "and do you wish me happy?"

A slight flush—just a little bright blush—and Mary calmly said:

"Indeed I do. I hope you will be very happy, and live here many years—and do a great deal of good, too," she added, in a lower tone, unconsciously lowered for his ear alone—no, there was no anger to the last.

"I must tax your patience once more," he said, also in a lower voice, "to show you one thing more. Do you mind coming with me?"

But a week ago she would have gone with him to the end of the world. Because he had been unkind—nay, only because he loved Isabella—should she refuse so small a courtesy? and surely he needed some advice, for truly and without mistake he was pale and almost agitated now. Perhaps he thought Isabella over-forward and bold. She could assure him she had a good heart at bottom, though careless of speech and self-willed in manner.

She rose from the seat in which she had been resting and trying not to look listless, and followed him. Mrs. Pembroke would have gone with them, but Mr. Sandford said, "What I have to show is only intended for Miss Pembroke," and her mother let her go.

He led her across a short passage, and paused before a closed door.

"This is Miss Isabella's chamber," he said, then turned the lock and entered a pretty room—small, indeed, but perfect of its kind—a lady's sitting-room, with work-table, writing apparatus, and even a furnished work-box open on the table. He led her in and closed the door.

She betrayed no surprise as she looked quietly round, then turned to him and raised those sweet brown eyes, so true to the inner within, kind, forgiving, and gentle.

"You wanted me," she said, with dignity. She had no wish for tete-a-tete with other girls' lovers, and showed that she had no intention to lengthen out the interview.

"I wanted to know if you thought my wife could be happy here."

"If she really loves you," she said, after a pause, which she had promised herself in surveying the apartment, "otherwise even such a pretty room as this will fail to make her happy."

"Aye, if she loves me," he said, "although I admire her more than my life, and respect her more than I admire her, I begin to doubt whether she loves me."

"She will not give you any doubt if you make yourself sufficiently understood."

"I have often said that I never would make an offer of marriage unless certain of being accepted. I find now that it was an idle boast: no man can be certain on that point, though of another still more important I am certain."

"What point?" asked Mary, innocently.

"Of the merit of her love; of her sweet temper, spiritual firmness, and feminine delicacy."

Mary knew that love is blind, yet she was a little surprised at such very inappropriate praise.

"And in what way do you wish me to help you?" asked Mary.

"Satisfied on all these points, I want you to enlighten me on that I do not know—Mary, does she love me?"

"I do not know," said Mary, stupidly.

"You do know."

"I am not my cousin's confidant."

"But are you not your own? Mary, can you forgive my little deception? You must know that every chair and table in this house was bought and chosen for you—that the house was built for you."

"But, Isabella—" stammered Mary.

"Is engaged to my cousin," said Mr. Sandford. "You need have no apprehensions about her."

"Was it well to put me to this trial?" said Mary. "You do not know what I have endured."

"Not kind, perhaps, and altogether selfish; but, Mary, I should never have honored you half so much—never have known all your worth, if I had not carried out my idle whim."

"Not idle—cruel," said Mary.

"Dear girl," he whispered, drawing closer, "forgive me, for I cannot repent. I only love you a hundred times more than I did last week. Come and let me ask your father for you, for my house is furnished, and I am impatient to get my wife."

He led her out, her hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Pembroke," he said, leading her up to him, "I have furnished my home; will you give me my wife?"

Before the astonished father had time to answer, the impulsive Isabella ran up to Mary and threw her arms round her neck.

"Dear Mary, believe me if I had not known that you were as true as gold, I would have given you a hint to keep your temper, lest this jealous man should find you out; as it was, I had no need. Will you forgive me for helping to make him see how much superior you are to other women?"

Slowly the snow fell—but who cared for the snow?—as they returned to Chillingham, Mary with renewed happiness, leaning upon the arm of Arthur Sandford, and Isabella rattling over her confidences to her amused and easily-forgiving uncle and aunt.

In this manner did Mary become the honored wife of Arthur Sandford.

☞ Neither the Grecian women nor those of Rome, were perhaps what we should admire now a days; they had, to judge by the statuary and frescoes that have come down to us, large hands and massive feet, and were altogether more manly of aspect than would suit with our ideas of the fitness of things. Let us keep our retrospective admiration for the ladies of feudal Europe—for Constance in her balcony overhanging the lists, where gallant champions fought to win the wreath from her white hand; for Margaret on her milk-white palfrey, speeding merrily along after the fierce goshawks and swift-winged heron. Compared with these queens of the tournament and the hunting-field, how dry, and scholastic do the maids and matrons of Rome appear! From covetous Tarpeia to stout Volumnia, a dreadful association with the Latin grammar seems to cling to them all.

☞ Little Charles came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father, he says:—"Pa, you talk to Heaven while I mash my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

☞ It is suggested that the leather breeches ought to be matched by gentlemen with leather breeches.

OLD FRIENDS.

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
Keep open house for you,
Old Friends,
There's open house for you!

The surface will be sparkling,
Let but a sunbeam shine;
Yet in the deep lies darkling
The true life of the wine!
The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;
Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old Friends,
The very best for you!

The many cannot know us;
They only pace the strand,
Where at our worst we show us—
The waters thick with sand!
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge 'tis clear and blue;
And there, old Friends, we are keeping
A sacred calm for you,
Old Friends,
A waiting calm for you.

SURE TO WIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Open hostilities were therefore now declared—Stately *versus* Stark, Themis against Mars, Bayfield and the Ferns the scene of action, six months the duration of the campaign.

After the colonel's departure, my uncle and I held a consultation. Our deliberations resulted in the conclusion, that some means of communicating with Letty must positively be found. The colonel's vigilance was only to be baffled by securing an ally within the garrison. None could be so effectual or valuable as Letty, if we could only engage her upon our side. Now, how was this to be accomplished?

We were lawyers, and between us we conceived a plan. It was stagey, romantic, and hazardous; its success was very doubtful; its failure would only cause the enemy to double his watchfulness. But his insolent defiance had put us upon our mettle, and we resolved to leave no wile untried to secure victory.

Not far from my uncle's house lived an old college chum and lifelong friend, Dr. Polt. Like habits, like tastes, like politics, like bachelorhood, bound the two strongly together. The doctor was the oldest medical man in Bayfield. He was in very tolerable circumstances, and had of late years almost retired from practice, maintaining his connection only with a few families, many of whose members he had introduced into existence. The intimate terms upon which Uncle Ferril and Dr. Polt stood rendered the latter fully cognizant of all the circumstances attending my troubled love-passage, and his warmest sympathies were for our success. Much of this feeling may have been owing to the colonel having upon several occasions treated the doctor with considerable rudeness. Colonel Stark, crammed with Indian prejudices, did not see why he should be civil to the "vet," as he chose to call our old friend. Dr. Polt was a short man, and short men are touchy upon the point of personal dignity.

"Big, blatant blusterer!" exclaimed the doctor to my uncle one evening, when Colonel Stark's want of urbanity formed the topic of discourse. "I wish he'd fall ill, and call me in, Ferril. Wouldn't I physic him? Aha!" And the doctor glared balefully over his spectacles, in a manner intended to signify that the pharmacopœia would hardly afford the tremendous compounds he should like to inflict upon his enemy.

Dr. Polt entered heart and soul into the little plot my uncle and I had devised for Colonel Stark's confusion.

"Ay, ay, boy," he ejaculated, rubbing his hands gleefully, when I told him what had been resolved upon, and asked his assistance—"I'll help, I'll help willingly. 'Twill be almost as pleasant as prescribing this nigger-flogging colonel asafœtida and creasote. Ay, ay, I'll be ready."

Riding into Bayfield, therefore according to custom, one frosty forenoon, it happened that my usually well-behaved mare began to grow restive as I approached the house of Dr. Polt. Feigning to lose temper, I punished her pretty severely about the head and ears. The mare began to kick; I began to reel in my seat; a sentimental cheesemonger's daughter tripping past with a three-volume novel under her arm, began to scream; the mare started, reared, my feet left the stirrups, and I went to the ground with a crash just opposite the doctor's door. The mare galloped wildly down the street.

Dr. Polt was upon the watch, and pounced upon the case in an instant, like a vigilant spider upon a heedless fly.

"Hullo! hullo! What's the matter? How's this?" exclaimed the doctor, as naturally as if the whole thing had not been pre-arranged. "Who's this, tumbling off his horse like a sack of oats? Why, dear me! Can it be? No? Yes! Positively, so it is. Bless my soul, my young friend Stately! Dear, dear! What a sad piece of business! No bones broken, I hope. Let's see. Hist! him!" passing his hand rapidly over my limbs as I lay upon the ground, hardly able to restrain my laughter. "Skull not cracked; no, no, impossible—too thick. Lie still, young gentleman, if you please. Collar-bone all right. Radius, ulna—no damage right or left. Not broken his neck—time enough for that to happen—nor yet his spine. Any ribs smashed? One—two—three—four—five—and the false ones; no; all in order. Now, let's try his legs—right leg: femur, tibia, patella; all straight. Left—ah! something wrong here. Dear, dear!" with a very solemn face, and a learned shake of the head, to impress the half-dozen idlers who had gathered round. "Severe fracture of the os comagraphiensis; displacement of the head of the quan. suff.—most important bone that; extensive luxation of the tendo Achillis. Dear, dear! More severely injured than I thought. Bring him into my surgery, my friends, and I'll soon set him to rights. Gently, gently; don't displace the quan. suff. any further, or I won't answer for the consequences. Bring him in—bring him in."

Preceded by Dr. Polt, enjoining upon my bearers the utmost caution, I was carried into the house, placed upon a sofa, and left in due professional care. Within half an hour all Bayfield rang with the exciting news that young Mr. Stately had been thrown from his mare opposite Dr. Polt's door; that the mare had fallen upon and crushed him, breaking several of his ribs, his cosmos, the head of his paunsuff, and his tender killings. Later intelligence added that, in spite of these desperate injuries, Dr. Polt still entertained hopes of the poor young gentleman's recovery. Another bulletin declared that the doctor had been heard to say Mr. Stately might recover, but would certainly remain a cripple for life. The very latest news averred that the only doubt Dr. Polt felt was whether the fractured limb would be two inches and a half or three inches and a quarter shorter than the other.

As the plotters intended, the report of the accident was not long in travelling to the Ferns. I must confess to some compunction at the alarm I knew it caused Letty, although I was consoled, upon the other hand, by picturing to myself the glee with which the heartless old colonel would rub his hands and growl, forth: "There's a stopper to young Parchment's exertions for the next few months at any rate. Bravo! Josiah, my boy; the game's your own."

The colonel having been induced to believe that I was helplessly shelved, we were enabled to proceed with the next item of our scheme. My uncle communicated with a friend in town, by whose instrumentality a letter was addressed to Colonel Stark, ostensibly from the India House, requesting his appearance before the Board of Directors upon a day named, they being informed he was able to give valuable evidence respecting details of management connected with the Company's native forces in Bengal. As we had anticipated, the bait was greedily swallowed.—Nothing could have been more congenial to Colonel Stark's lofty opinion of his own consequence than such a summons. The opportunity was favorable. His enemy was out of the way, and he could leave home for a short period with a quiet mind. Four days later, my uncle hurried to me in the afternoon with the news that he had seen the colonel set off in a post-chaise half an hour previously upon his road to town.

This gave the signal for action. Despite the colonel's departure, I dared not show myself openly at the Ferns, for there could be no doubt the servants were all in the colonel's interest, and would not risk their places by disobedience; but a letter was despatched by a trusty messenger to Letty, to whom access during her father's absence could not well be denied. In this I briefly acquainted her with the actual state of affairs, and implored her, with all the epistolary eloquence at my command, to meet me after dusk at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, a secluded winding thoroughfare hard by the Ferns, leading at some distance to the north main road. Here a chaise should be in readiness to carry us at once to Scotland. If she consented, I begged her to send a few words by bearer.

Within an hour the answer came. It bore no signature, and was laconic enough, consisting only of the four words:

"Your request is granted."

Still the note was in Letty's well-known hand, and the assurance it contained too precious to criticise.

"She may not have liked to write more," I thought. "The dear girl's sensitive modesty would not allow her to dilate upon so delicate a theme. For me must be reserved the pleasing task of overcoming her scruples, and of persuading her to unite her fate with mine."

At the appointed time, behold me, therefore, at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, anxiously awaiting the beloved of my heart. Some little distance down the lane, well out of sight from the main road, was the chaise that was to bear us off, as fast as four spanking steeds could gallop, to Scotland and to bliss. In my anxiety and eagerness, I drew nearer and nearer to the Ferns, watching the instant when fate and love should bring Letty to my trembling arms.—It was eight o'clock of a November evening, pitch dark and bitterly cold. Even these dire pauses that counsel through my veins was insufficient to keep me warm. I paced to and fro outside the fence, and stamped upon the ground for cold and impatience; it is not unlikely even that I sworn. At last, however, at last my hopes were realized; along the road came tripping a gentle step, which was surely Letty's timid footfall. Dear girl! how I sympathized with her hesitation, so natural, so womanly, to intrust her destinies to the charge of one of the ruder sex. How it should be the study of my future life to make her happy! Even as I listened, the footsteps ceased.—A voice, whose tones were music, breathed my name. I rushed forward, and in another moment the sylph-like figure of Letty was sobbing upon my breast.

Time would not permit of long entreaty. Leading my charmer rapidly on towards the chaise, I poured forth my hopes and wishes in a passionate appeal, which clearly found a responsive echo in Letty's heart, for, although she said nothing, she hurried along at a speed I found it difficult to equal. Even at that anxious moment—so critical is ungrateful man!—I could not help reflecting that the haste she testified was slightly unfeminine, and ill in accordance with the ideal of shrinking modesty I had hitherto considered her especial attribute. But I dashed the cruel thought away as soon as it arose, and we hastened down the lane.

The chaise was reached at last. I called to the postboys to look to their horses, and opened the door of the carriage to help my Letty in. Judge of my consternation, when a tall, portly figure, in a long military cloak, stepped on the instant out of the vehicle, and withdrawing the slide of a lantern, showed by its light the mocking and detested features of my enemy, Colonel Stark!

"Hullo! young Parchment," he sneered, with a hideous grin distorting his malignant countenance, "what are you going to do with my daughter? Come, come, my lad, your gallery's countermined. Catch a weasel asleep if you can, and shave his eye. It won't do. Your plan was clever, but not clever enough to deceive an old campaigner. Come, sir, give up the lady, and march away."

"Never!" I shouted, throwing my arm around Letty's shrinking form. "There are limits even to a father's authority.—Never will I surrender this dear, this lovely prize, save at her own request. She honors me with her affection, and I will not abandon the precious boon, except with life.—Stand away from the carriage, Colonel Stark, and let us pass this instant!"

To my intense astonishment, the colonel broke into a burst of uproarious laughter.—The postboys, who had turned sideways upon their saddles, the better to survey the scene, exploded with similar glee. Last and hardest blow of all, from beneath the veil that shrouded Letty's features issued sounds unmistakably those of mirth! I fell back a pace, and gazed upon her shaking figure with speechless dismay.

"Ho, ho, ho!" bellowed the colonel.—"This fellow'll be the death of me. Hold me up, somebody, or I shall fall. Ho, ho, ho! What did he say? 'This dear, this lovely prize—this precious boon!' Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Here, young Parchment, look at your lovely prize!"

Slowly the figure before me raised its veil, and instead of my Letty's charming features, I beheld—oh, horror!—the sable visage of that disgusting Johtee Lall, his eyes gleaming with malicious delight, his mouth distended with a hideous grin from ear to ear!

"He, he, he!" tittered the wretch, holding out his arms, "Missa Tutely want run away wid Johtee all de way to Cotland. Come along, Missa Tutely—come along!"

How I got home that night, I never knew.

Long afterwards, I learned how this terrible mishap had come to pass. Up to the morning of that unlucky day, it appeared, all had gone well. The colonel believed me seriously hurt, and intended to avail himself of the circumstance to appear at the India House, in obedience to what he imagined a genuine summons. Being in Bayfield, he had called at the postmaster's to order his chaise; while in the yard, he noticed another vehicle being got ready for service, and inquisitive as usual asked for whom it was intended. The postmaster, knowing no reason for secrecy, replied that the chaise had been ordered for that evening by my Uncle Ferril, who was going to the north. The colonel's ever-ready suspicions were instantly aroused; he determined to delay his journey for a day, to see if this unusual event concealed mischief. Ostensibly, however, he made no change in his arrangements; at the appointed time, the chaise conveyed him from the Ferns, and took the road for the metropolis; but at the post-town ten miles off he halted, ordered the post-boys to remain where they were until the ensuing day, and returned to the Ferns secretly and on foot. My note to Letty arriving shortly afterwards, was intercepted by the colonel's vigilance. It showed him at once that his precaution was fully justified. Under some pretext, he obtained from Letty the answer I received, and the subsequent plot was carried out without her knowledge.

Well, my courage was not damped even by this failure. Letty's genuine concurrence was absolutely essential, and I cried another scheme. I re-wrote my explanation to Letty of the present state of affairs, and despatched it to my sister Grace in town. As old schoolmates, the two corresponded frequently. I asked Grace to visit the Lady-principal of the establishment where the girls had been educated, and telling that respectable instructress she was going to pass a few days with Miss Stark, offer to take charge of any communication she might desire to send. Postage-rates were high in those days; shillings were needed to purchase the privileges pence now buy; and such an offer as this was not uncommon.—My sister was to copy my note to Letty, and append it to the packet of correspondence. I hoped that Colonel Stark, who would infallibly open the parcel, seeing it was made up of many sheets in that delightfully angular feminine hand no difficulty to decipher, after wading through a page or two of latest fashions and school-gossip, would toss over the remainder to his daughter in disgust. I relied upon Letty's superior ingenuity then to discover a method of reply.

Within a week from the concoction of this notable scheme, a large packet was delivered by Johtee Lall at the office from Colonel Stark. It was directed to me.—Opened, out fell the lady-principal's budget, my sister's missive to Letty, and a scrap of paper, whereupon was written:

"No go, Parchment; try again."

This last failure almost broke down my resolution. Fortune seemed desperate against me. How was this lynx-eyed disciplinarian to be lulled asleep? In my despair, I turned to my uncle, and humbly besought his assistance.

"Well, Caleb," replied Uncle Ferril, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, "I've no objection to give you whatever help is in my power. It's not perhaps strictly professional to be mixed up in these matters, but I plainly see you'll be nonsuited unless I give advice. Still, I will only aid upon condition you shall not inquire what measures I employ."

I assented eagerly.

"Then write to Miss Letty again, and I will see what can be done."

One day passed—two days—three. No answer. Upon the fourth day came from the Ferns a packet of documents relating to some property in the neighborhood of Bayfield Colonel Stark desired to purchase.—Out of a mortgage dropped a neat little note from Letty, addressed to me. I seized it in triumph.

Now, how do you think my astute old uncle contrived so easily what had baffled my less-practised ingenuity? Very simply indeed. I did not make the discovery myself until some time after, but this was how he proceeded. Going to the Ferns apparently to consult the colonel about the property just mentioned, he managed to time his visit so as to find his client and Letty at their morning exercise in the grounds.—My uncle took the colonel's arm and walked in front of Letty, but contrived, in the course of the interview, carelessly placing his arm upon his back, to exhibit my note between his fingers. Letty demurely tripped forward, deftly extracted the missive from its hiding-place, and slipped it into her pocket. A few lines from Uncle Ferril pointed out the packet of deeds as a fit vehicle for her reply.

Letty's answer was more than satisfactory—it confirmed my belief that her father had purposely kept her in ignorance of the compact into which he and I had entered. Better than all, her fertile woman's wit pointed out a method by which, if ably managed, every condition of the agreement might be thoroughly fulfilled.

Colonel Stark, therefore, like most remarkably cunning persons, just contrived to overreach himself. Had he frankly appealed to his daughter not to enter into any engagement without his sanction, so high was the dear girl's sense of filial duty, that nothing would have induced her to run contrary to his desire. She would have trusted to patience, submission, and time to subdue her father's selfishness, and to soften his heart. As it was, her spirit revolted at the mistrust implied by his reticence, and the colonel created an adversary where he should have secured an ally.

It was my turn to chuckle now.

CHAPTER IV.

Acting in strict accordance with my instructions, I remained perfectly quiet for several weeks. I still took occasional horse-exercise, but sedulously avoided the neighborhood of the Ferns, and thought it useless to repeat the fracture of my cosmos. My uncle and Dr. Polt, who had both been made acquainted with the scheme now in progress, approved it highly, and augered favorably of its success.

"She's a pleasant little woman, that Letty Stark," opined the doctor, "and a sensible one into the bargain. Caleb, my boy, I shan't envy you your father-in-law, but I shall your wife."

That which we confidently calculated upon soon happened; Colonel Stark, failing to detect further hostile manœuvres, and too old a soldier not to know that an enemy of whose movements you are ignorant is dangerous, grew uneasy. His restless spirit would not allow him to play the safe game of letting matters quietly await the expiration of the stipulated time, and in his turn he resolved to reconnoitre the hostile camp. One Sunday morning, therefore, my uncle and I were disturbed in our occupation by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, succeeded by a lusty yell of the office-bell.

"I might perhaps to state that my Uncle Ferril, like many other country solicitors, transacted his professional business at his own house. For this purpose, two rooms upon the ground-floor were set apart as offices. The outer-room was usually occupied by the clerk, rent-collector—we were agents for a good deal of house-property in the town—general manager, and factotum, Roger Tice, while the inner-room was sacred to the inner apartment. In cases where private consultation was desired, I occupied one of my uncle's room by a door leading into the hall, and going round to the front either kept Roger company until the clients departure. As usual with persons of facetious rank in his own, the colonel, by eccentric haughtiness and rudeness of manner, had contrived to insult Roger as mortally as he had offended Dr. Polt. I knew therefore that, if requisite, we might confidently reckon upon the clerk's assistance and secrecy.

"Colonel Stark, sir," announced Roger, popping his head into my uncle's sanctum.

"Very good, Roger. Show him in," returned my uncle. "Now, Caleb."

I nodded, and vanished from the room, just as the colonel, bluff and boisterous, blustered in.

"Well, Ferril," exclaimed the visitor, "how's the world using you? Lost abundant, eh? Plenty of quarrels stirring—Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, only to be set right by a good dose of law and swinging costs. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow lawyers good, isn't it? Why, where's young Parchment? Thought I saw him here just now."

At this moment I re-entered the room.

"Oh, there you are, young fellow," continued the colonel. "Well, how goes on the war? You don't seem to be making much progress. Three months of the six are past, and you haven't gained an inch of ground. You must be quick, sir, you must be quick, if you mean to out-manœuvre Josiah Stark."

"Well, colonel," I replied, "we'll talk the matter over a little, if you please. The terms of our compact are, briefly, that I am to succeed within six months in taking you in, 'clearly, plainly, under your own nose, so palpably that there shall be no mistake.' Those were your words, I believe, were they not?"

"Ay, ay, young fellow; right enough. But you haven't done it, my good sir—you haven't done it: you can't do it; I defy you to do it."

"We shall see. Now, colonel, I have to ask further, would you consider I fulfilled the agreement if I were to tell you what passes in your own house, to which, as you know, I cannot possibly have access? Suppose for instance, from private sources of information, I were to state the purport of a conversation you had with your daughter this morning during breakfast."

"I don't believe you can state anything of the sort," returned the colonel, promptly, with an indignant snort at the supposition.

"Did you not say that you had finally decided upon purchasing the Wharton estate, and tell Letty she might begin to think of preparations for leaving the Ferns?"

Colonel Stark listened to the question in speechless wonder; surprise and consternation seemed to have suddenly stricken him dumb; finally, he drew a long breath, then uttered a tremendous oath.

"That infernal nigger!" he shouted. "The vile, scoundrelly, treacherous spy! That's the fellow, without a doubt. Yes, yes. I recollect now that he was in and out of the room at breakfast I daresay half-a-dozen times. Directly he heard me speak of quitting the Ferns, he must have bolted off with the news to his precious employer. Oho! young fellow, so Johtee's your private source of information, is he? Eh, sir? Was the nigger your informant?"

"Really, colonel," I replied, "you must excuse me; I do not feel justified in betraying whence my information is derived. It is enough for me to be assured it is correct. Do I understand you to admit this to be the case?"

"Correct! correct!" bellowed the colonel, with dreadful sarcasm. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parchment, very correct, sir—highly correct. I wish I could say as much of the sense of honor that permits you to tamper with my servants, sir. If you find it impossible to gain your end without resorting to proceedings of that questionable nature, sir, the less you talk about correctness the better."

And Colonel Stark marched up and down the room in a very wrathful state of mind.

"All's fair in love and war, colonel," I laughed. "You invited stratagem, you know, and set me the example yourself in that post-chaise business. But I don't admit that you have discovered my source of information, by any means."

"Of course you don't admit it, sir!" exclaimed the colonel. "It's one of the axioms of your —— profession never to admit anything. But common-sense tells me that you must have suborned the nigger. How else—But I shan't waste another word upon you. I'll put a stop to this affair in double-quick."

That same afternoon, Letty Stark drove, attended by a very grim footman, to the village, where a very grim old maid-servant, long employed in the Stark family, kept a shop. The Colonel Stark, by a coincidence, happened to have had occasion to purchase a new bonnet, and Letty, who had been sent for to choose it, had driven over in the pony-carriage. Letty came to me, and I was soon in possession of the information I required.

[illegible] Colonel Stark, as the end of that time, [illegible] I presume, to such his [illegible] temper, he marched down to Bayfield, and again presented himself at my uncle's house. As before, I slipped out of the room immediately upon his arrival, and re-entered it after he had exchanged a few words with Uncle Ferril.

"Ah, young man," was the colonel's greeting, "here are we setting on new! Any more choice little bits of intelligence from meaks bathed to fetch and carry? Aha, my spark, I think your tampering with my servants has been pretty effectually stopped."

"Well, colonel," I replied, "we shall see. I have got something to communicate, certainly, and I hardly think that my private source of information is at fault. Did you not tell Miss Stark this morning, while walking in the grounds at the Ferns, that you thought of taking her to town about the end of the month after next? When the time stipulated in our agreement has expired, that is, you know, colonel. Am I correct?"

My adversary fell upon this into such a passion of rage that I really feared at first he would drop dead upon the spot. His sallow complexion turned to a ghastly purple; the veins upon his forehead filled and strained till they stood out as rigid and taut as cordage; he gurgled in his throat as he grasped and strove for breath.

"Those infernal reptiles!" yelled the colonel, when he had sufficiently mastered his indignation to find words; "those vile, mercenary, traitorous servants of mine! Why, you must have corrupted all the household. But I'll punish 'em. Stay you here till I come back, and I'll put your boasted sources to the test. If you can answer what I ask you then, Josh Stark's a Dutchman, that's all."

The colonel hurried away. Upon reaching home, he instantly discharged all the servants in the house, paid them their wages, and gave them an hour to get clear off the premises, standing grimly by, watch in hand, as they filed away. Then he rushed back to Bayfield, burst into the office, and required me to tell him what he had done.

From my private sources of information, I was enabled to comply with Colonel Stark's demand. I forbear to characterise the language of which he made use upon receiving my answer, further than by stating that his expressions were most discourteous and of a highly actionable kind.

Grown wiser by experience, Colonel Stark acted now as he should have acted from the first, and shut himself up in his fortalice altogether. When the new servants arrived from town a few days after the dismissal of their predecessors, he cut off communication with the world without. All the supplies required for his garrison were taken in through the half-opened door by one of the servants, appointed for that office, and supervised by himself or Letty. As an extra measure of precaution, he had all the locks changed upon all the doors by workmen from a distance, bells attached to the windows, strong bolts and bars fitted to the shutters, every loophole at which even a mouse might enter the fortress blocked and barricaded. It is not unusual, I fancy, after the steed has been stolen, carefully to brick up the stable-door.

As soon as these measures had been taken, the colonel once more presented himself at the office, and desired to know if I had anything to tell him. Again, and for the fourth time, my private sources aided me. He probably fancied I had learned what had happened from the workmen, for this time, in place of going into a passion, the enemy listened in silence, then nodded thoughtfully, and withdrew.

We gave Colonel Stark a fortnight to recover his self-possession, and feel the inconveniences of the blockade he had established, then proceeded to strike the final blow.

Six weeks still remained of the time originally stipulated, when Uncle Ferril and I set out together for the Ferns. We sent in our names to the colonel, and, after some hesitation, were admitted into the library. There sat the enemy, looking worn and haggard. He pointed to chairs, and we sat down. Much of what is popularly called "the bounce" had evidently been taken out of the colonel. His manner was more cautious, less defiant. Our visit clearly made him ill at ease, but he waited silently to hear what we had to say.

"My uncle and I have called upon you, Colonel Stark," I began, "to claim the fulfilment of your contract."

[illegible] the enemy, was unable to repress a smile, thinking how much his nervous system had become affected of late; still, he himself never a word. I went on.

"Upon hearing distinct and repeated contradictions of the statement contained in that agreement, has been carried out. I have repeated conversations which I never saw, and you have rendered it impossible for me to correct. You have adopted various methods to discover the source of my information; you have been unable to discover it; you are unacquainted with it even now. If necessary, I am prepared to repeat my assertion of the stipulations for a still longer period. But it is not necessary. I maintain that I have fully, duly, and amply carried out my portion of the agreement; and I call upon you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, to perform yours. My uncle will testify that his opinion coincided with mine."

The colonel had listened to this little speech in perfect silence; he now turned, still moody, towards Uncle Ferril.

"I am decidedly of opinion, Colonel Stark, as a professional man of thirty years' standing, that my nephew Caleb has performed his portion of the contract."

The colonel leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed upon the ground. Minutes passed, that seemed hours.

"Well, so am I," he said at last. "The battle has been fought stoutly; I can't see an error anywhere in my combinations; but the youngster is too deep for me. I've turned the matter over for the last fortnight, and I cannot for the life of me discover whence the information has been gained. I can't sleep o' nights for thinking of it; it haunts my mind incessantly by day; I've lost my appetite; I don't enjoy my wine; life's growing a burden to me; I wouldn't pass another month like this for all the lace in the Company's treasury. I give it up, Parchment, Letty shall be yours! Stop! I consent upon one condition only," he continued, checking my joyful exclamation with a warning finger. "Before you leave this room you shall disclose the means you have employed."

"Most willingly, colonel. Have the goodness, if you please, to call down Letty."

"Letty!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, she knows nothing about—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "Call her down, and I think she will be found better informed than you imagine."

Colonel Stark rang the bell, and gave the necessary order. In a few minutes my charmer entered the room. Little explanation sufficed to acquaint her with what had just transpired, and with her father's conditional surrender.

"And now, Letty," I added, "if you please, bring in the culprit."

Letty went out. The colonel faced round towards the door, watching with a tremor of nervous fury to behold the traitor in his camp. Next moment, his daughter returned, bearing in her hand the warm fur-cap which her father used to an Indian climate, almost constantly wore. Letty laid the cap upon the table. The colonel took up his headgear, twirled it upon his fingers, failed to derive information from the process—laid it down again, looked at me, then at Letty.

"You see, colonel," I explained, "ordinary stratagems were useless against your practised experience, and we were forced to make you your own postman."

Lifting the silken lining of the cap, I displayed, to Colonel Stark's astonished eyes, a neat little pocket, artfully contrived, and quite invisible, unless on close inspection. In this receptacle, Letty, when she wished to communicate with me, had deposited a slip of paper containing what it was requisite I should know. Upon reaching my uncle's house, the colonel had naturally left his cap upon the hall-table while he went into the office; I had slipped out, extracted the missive, and returning to the room, had given the colonel the benefit of its contents.

Colonel Josiah Stark listened to this remarkably simple explanation of the mystery that had puzzled him with mingled anger and disgust; then taking his daughter by the arm when I had finished, he pushed her towards me, exclaiming:

"There, take her, Parchment; you've won each other fairly. Heavens and earth! that a wary old campaigner should be outmanœuvred by a girl and a lawyer!"

☞ Left to Itself.—Coleridge says that as one of his friends was expressing his idea that it was unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself, he showed him his garden, telling him it was his botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," said Coleridge, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil against them by roses and strawberries."

☞ Postal Currency.—Considerable has been written about counterfeits of the postal currency, but all of them are wretched imitations. Out of two millions of postal currency that have been cancelled and burned, not two hundred dollars were counterfeits.

☞ A medical student wishes to know if young ladies with a mania for "shopping," but no particular predilection for buying, may not properly be considered counterfeits!

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

Chemical analysis and physiological research have established beyond dispute that every article of food and drink is composed of elements differing in quality or quantity. It is equally true that the various parts of the human frame are different in their composition, as the bone, the flesh, the nerve, the tendon, &c. But there is no element in the human body which is not found in some article of food or drink. A certain normal proportion of these elements, properly distributed, constitutes vigorous health, and forms a perfect body. If one of these elements be in excess, certain forms of disease manifest themselves; if there is not enough, some other malady affects the frame. When the blood contains less than its healthful amount of iron, it is poor, watery, and comparatively colorless; the muscles are flabby, the face pale, the eyes sunken, the whole body weak, the mind listless and sad. If the bones have not enough lime, they have no strength, are easily bent, and the patient is rickety; if there is too much lime, then the bones are brittle, and are broken by the slightest fall or unusual strain.

The highest skill of the physician in these cases, consists in determining the excess or deficit of any element, and in supplying such food or drug as will meet the case; when the medical attendant cannot determine what is wanting, nor furnish the supply, nature is often loud enough in her calls, through the tastes or appetites, to indicate very clearly what item of food or drink contains the needed elements: this is the "Instinct of Appetite." Chemistry is able to say of but one article of human food, that it contains all the constituents necessary to supply the human body with every element requisite for its welfare, and that is pure milk, as supplied by the mother of the new being; but after the first years of life, the body demands new elements, in order to enable it to meet the duties which increasing age imposes; hence, nature dries up this spring, as being no longer adequate, and compels the search for other kinds of sustenance, showing that milk is a proper, sole food for the young only; and healthy, grown persons who live upon it mainly, will always become invalids.

All kinds of life, whether vegetable or animal,—have within them a principle of preservation, as well as of perpetuity; were that not the case, or that breathes or grows would die; this principle, or quality, is common to man and beast, and all that springs from root or seed; it is named "Instinct." It is instinct which calls, by thirst, for water, when there is not fluid enough in the system. It is instinct which calls for food, by hunger, when a man is weak and needs renovation. It is curious and practically valuable as a means for the removal of disease, to notice the working of this instinct, for it seems to be almost possessed with a discriminating intelligence. Certain it is, that standard medical publications give well authenticated facts, showing that, following the cravings of the appetite, the animal instinct has accomplished far more than the physician's skill was able to do; has saved life in a multitude of cases, when science has done its best, in vain.

About three years ago the little daughter of a farmer on the Hudson river had a fall which induced a long, painful and dangerous illness, ending in blindness; medication availed nothing. By accident, a switch containing maple buds was placed in her hands, when she began to eat them, and called earnestly for more, and continued to eat them with avidity, improving meanwhile in her general health for some fifteen days or more, when this particular relish left her, and she called for candy, and, as in the case of the buds, ate nothing else for two weeks, when this also was dropped, a more natural taste returning with returning eyesight and usual health. This was instinct calling for those articles of food which lay between disease and recovery.

A gentleman aged thirty-six, seemed to be in the last stages of consumptive disease, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire for common table salt; he spread it in thick layers over his meat and over his bread and butter; he carried it in his vest pocket, which was daily emptied by eating a pinch at a time. He regained his health, and remained well for years afterwards.

There are many persons who can record, from their own personal experience, the beginning of a return to health from gratifying some insatiate desire. The celebrated Professor, Charles Caldwell, was fond of relating in his lectures, that a young lady, abandoned to die, called for some pound-cake, which "science" would have pronounced a deadly dose; but as her case was considered hopeless, she was gratified, and, recovering, lived in good health afterwards. But in some forms of dyspepsia, to follow the cravings is to aggravate the disease. In low fevers, typhoid, yielding to the cravings is certain death.

To know how and when to follow the instinct of appetite, to gratify the cravings of nature, is of inestimable value. There is a rule which is always safe, and will save life in multitudes of cases, where the most skillfully "exhibited" drugs have been entirely unavailing. Partake at first of what nature seems to crave, in very small quantities; if no uncomfortable feeling follows, gradually increase the amount, until no more is called for. These suggestions and facts find confirmation in the large experience of that now beautiful and revered nurse, Florence Nightingale, whose memory will go down with blessings and honor side by side with that of John Howard. She says:—"I have seen, not by ones or tens, but by hundreds, cases where the stomach not only craves, but digests things which have never been laid down in any dietary for the sick, especially for the sick whose diseases were produced by bad food. Fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, of bacon, suet, cheese, buttermilk, &c., were administered freely, with happy results, simply because the sick *craved* them."—*Scientific American.*

THE SUNKEN ROAD OF OHAIN.

All went well with Napoleon during the early part of the day at Waterloo. His plan of the battle was admirable. It was succeeding admirably. He was in excellent spirits; he jested and smiled. Looking out where the magnificent Scotch Greys, on their superb horses, were massed, and thinking of the doom he was preparing for them, he said, with stern commiseration, as inexorable Fate might have said,

"It is a pity!"

It was a pity that thousands of noble forms, both friend and foe, should perish to feed the ambition of one; but for whatever stood in the path of his triumph, this man had no mercy.

The allies fell back; and Napoleon sent off a courier to Paris announcing that the day was won.

It was necessary to follow up the repulse with a blow that should annihilate. He ordered the cuirassiers to charge.

The cuirassiers were the thunderbolt of the French army. Hugo devotes an entire and wonderful chapter to a description of that charge. They were three thousand five hundred. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They wore casques without plumes, cuirasses of wrought iron, and long sabre-swords. They carried horse-pistols in their holsters. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head; in two columns, with sabres in air, banners waving, trumpets sounding, they advanced, disappeared in the smoke of the valley of death, and reappeared on the farther slope, sweeping up the plateau of Mont St. John. Through a rain of grape, unfaltering, solemn, terrible, the two columns, resembling two serpents of glittering steel, with the helmets for scales, stretched towards the crest of the acclivity.

There, behind the crest under cover of a masked battery, the English infantry, formed in squares, awaited the onset. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They heard amid the roar of artillery the steady, resounding tramp of the advancing hosts.—Then, through smoke, like spears of the sunrise through the mists of the morning, rose the line of brandished sabres. "*Vive l' Empereur!*" was the cry, shouted by three thousand iron-clad heroic men. And the charging squadron swept on.

But suddenly there was a check. The advance of the right column was thrown into confusion, rearing tumultuously. What was the obstacle? Not the English; they were not yet reached. But the cuirassiers had come to a *road cut through the hill.*—It was the road to Ohain. It was like an immense track with precipitous sides. Napoleon had not discovered it in sweeping the field with his glass. Into it, at full speed, their horses furious, unmanageable, the front ranks pressed on by those behind, the ill-fated cuirassiers charged, went down, rolled in masses,—

"Rider and horse in one red burial blent!"

It was this sunken road, this unforeseen fatality, which turned the tide. From that moment everything went wrong with Napoleon. Not the English army, but his own, was annihilated.

He had come to a sunken road, not on the battle-field only, but on the field of his destiny.

There are many such hidden trenches of fate; for it is not, after all, the greatest human victor that governs events. There is a Victor over all; and He leads, when it is necessary, the most defiant and audacious to their destruction.

☞ A young Alpine hunter, who was killed in the Alps nineteen years ago, was recently found frozen stiff, but ruddy and whole as in life save his eyes.

☞ A farmer in Tiverton, Massachusetts, recently had a field of potatoes stolen from him! The rogues dug and carried off about twenty bushels in the middle of the night.

☞ Rosecrans' army at the battle of Chattanooga numbered 48,000, while that of the enemy must have been nearly 70,000 men.

☞ Ballooning by Moonlight.—Two balloonists who recently took a balloon ride by moonlight at Springfield, say the moon looked nearly five times as large as from the earth, and made the clouds appear like immense mountains of snow.

☞ A Beautiful Woman.—An old writer says that to make an entirely beautiful woman, it would be necessary to take the head from Grèece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England.

☞ Recent reports show that the average duration of life in England exceeds that in France by 11 years.

FLYING FISH AND BEES.

The celebrated naturalist, Mr. Jesse, in a recent course of lectures treats of singular facts relating to fish; and certainly some of the facts recorded are wonderful enough.—These we are informed that there are certain fish which can propel themselves on dry land like serpents, by a muscular movement of their ribs; and that there are certain other fish which second trees. The most remarkable of these is the climbing-perch, which is found in the mangrove swamps.—It ascends trees by using a pair of prickles from its gill-flaps, as a man might hoist himself up by his elbows, and thus it gains the tops of stems many feet above high-water mark, picking off the flies that alight on the tree up which it climbs. The class of fish which have the power of moving on land have some of their bones so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, that exudes and keeps the gills damp, this being necessary to enable the animal to respire.

It is well known that Mr. Jesse has devoted a great deal of attention to bees, so much so that a collection of heterogeneous papers on Natural History, by Mr. Jesse, would hardly be complete without some mention of those insects. Accordingly we find, in these lectures, several anecdotes about them. In a hive belonging to Mr. Jesse, the entrance was made rather too broad, and a large slimy slug crawled in through this hole. The bees killed it; but their united strength could not drag it out of the hive. Of course the dead slug would soon begin to decompose, and some plan must be invented to prevent this carcase from polluting the hive and rendering it uninhabitable. What, think you, did these little insects do? We have proposed this difficulty to numerous friends, and hitherto not one of them has been able to suggest to us any reasonable solution. The bees, however, soon found a way out the scrape. They coated the dead slug completely over with a covering of coarse wax, called *propolis*. The sequel of this story is most remarkable. It so happened that one of the common, brown-shelled snails got into the same hive. It was soon stung to death; but instead of covering it over with wax, the bees merely glued the edge of the shell to the board of the hive, and thus left the snail hermetically sealed within. They must have reasoned that no unpleasant odor could issue through the shell.

In the course of another lecture "On Instinct in Animals," it is stated that bees have a great variety of peculiar instincts, many of which are well known. Probably other animals, if watched as closely as bees have been, would furnish equally numerous instances of peculiar instincts. These instincts, Mr. Jesse well remarks, all tend, in different ways, to the well-being of the bees. One of these instincts is this. When a young queen-bee is ready to leave a hive, followed by a swarm, scouts are sent out to search for a proper place for her to settle on, or for a suitable abode. Another is, for a certain number of bees to rush out of the hive after the queen that leads forth the swarm, and to follow her wherever she goes. It is an unexplained fact how these are selected, for they are not all young bees. It seems as though a colony formed entirely of youngsters can hardly be trusted among bees, any more than with us. In order to prosper they must have some old heads among them. But the most curious part of the phenomenon is yet to be told. If one of the selected emigrants should, even the next day, be returned to the parent hive, it is immediately killed as an intruder. When the swarm is hived a third instinct teaches the bees to cleanse their abode from all impurities; a fourth to collect *propolis*, and with it to stop up every crevice except the entrance. A fifth teaches them to ventilate the hive, which is done by a number of bees at the bottom of the hive, fanning their wings very rapidly, which produces a current of air; a sixth instinct teaches them to keep a constant guard at the door or entrance of the hive; another instinct teaches them to collect honey. They are also taught by instinct to avoid rain, and they return in great haste to the hive if a cloud passes over the sun; they fly there with great rapidity, and invariably in a straight line.

A most singular discovery, the whole credit of which appertains, we believe, to Mr. Jesse, is that of the antennal language of insects. Bees and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers or antennæ. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, warning of dangers, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants. A strong hive of bees will contain thirty-six thousand workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennæ. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperse themselves, and are seen in the hive no more, perishing every one, and quitting all the store of now useless honey which they had labored so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larvæ. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a small wire cage placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual. Mr. Jesse has also shown that this antennal power of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ants' nest, a terrible issue will often arise. A solitary ant will perhaps discover it, and eagerly attempt to drag it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still, these two are perhaps unable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same means, till a sufficient number are collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest.

Washington's Opinion of the North.

In a letter of Washington to his friend Lund, in June, 1776, occurs the following passage, in which he most graphically describes the peculiarities of northern and southern men as soldiers, and gives a preference for the qualities of the northern men, the justice of which the present campaign is likely to verify:—

"We have lately had a general review, and I have much pleasure in informing you that we made a better appearance, and went through our exercises more like soldiers, than I had expected. The southern states are rash and blameable in the judgment they form of their brethren of the four New England states. I assure you, with all my partiality for my own countrymen, and prejudices against them, I can but consider them as the flower of the American army. They are strong, vigorous and healthy people, inured to labor and toil, which our people seldom are; and though our hot and eager spirit may suit better in a sudden and desperate enterprize, yet, in the way in which wars are now carried on, you must look for permanent advantages only from that patient and persevering temper which is the result of labor. The New Englanders are cool, considerate and sensible, while we are all fire and fury. Like their climate, they maintain an equal temperature, whereas we cannot shine but we burn. They have a uniformity and stability of character to which the people of no other states have any pretensions; hence they must and will always preserve their influence in this great empire. Were it not for the drawbacks and disadvantage which the influence of their popular opinions on the subject of government have on their army, they soon might, and probably will, give law to it."

WHITTLING, A USEFUL INVENTION.

In reading, recently, a detailed statement of the capture of Fort Pulaski by our troops, on the 11th of April, 1862, we learned that *whittling* was turned to good account. Late at night, (the engagement was to begin early next morning,) Lieut. Porter visited all our batteries to see that everything was ready for the opening of the great drama. Many little items were found to be needed, and were promptly provided. At the 10-inch mortar battery, fuse-plugs were still wanting, and there were none to be had. The ordnance officer had brought up a supply, but they were prepared for another piece, and were of no use. Here, then, were four pieces, in the most advanced position, which would be useless—and fire was to be opened at daylight. The officer was in despair—until a happy thought struck him; there was a Yankee regiment on the island—all Yankees are whittlers—and if that regiment could be turned out at once, and set to *work* at their favorite *pastime*, they could whittle out a supply of plugs before daylight. Porter immediately put spurs to his horse, and made furiously to camp. "The Sixth Connecticut was ordered out to whittle, and *did* whittle to advantage, providing all the plugs that were used in the battery Totten on the two succeeding days"—until Pulaski pulled down the rebel flag, and passed again under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

DYSPEPSIA.

Perhaps hearty suppers make more dyspeptics than any or all other causes combined. If dinner is at noon, nothing should be taken for supper but a single cup of weak tea, or hot drink, and a piece of stale bread and butter. After forty years of age, those who live in-doors, sedentary persons—that is, all who do not work with their hands as laborers—would do better not to take any supper at all. Half the time the sedentary, who eat at noon, do not feel hungry at supper; especially if they see nothing on the table but bread, and butter, and tea. But nature is goaded to act against her instincts in almost every family in the nation by "relishes" being placed on the supper-table, in the shape of chipped beef, salt fish, cake, preserves, or other kinds of sweetmeat, and before the person is aware, a hearty meal has been taken, resulting in present uncomfortableness, in disturbed sleep, in a weary waking in the morning, bad taste in the mouth, and little or no appetite for breakfast, all of which can be avoided by beginning early to eat habitually, according to the suggestions above made.—*Dr. Hall.*

☞ A little girl about four years old, and a little boy about six, had been cautioned in their strife after hen's eggs, not to take the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized on an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Susy has been and got the egg the old hen measures by."

WEDDINGS.

These fashionable events are thus classified by a contemporary:—

A "honey wedding" is when you start in wedded life. A "wooden wedding" is the tenth anniversary, when five little ones make everything look wooden—to some folks. A "silver wedding" comes on the twenty-fifth anniversary, when the "old man's" pile begins to swell, and his hair is growing silvery. A "golden wedding" comes on the fiftieth anniversary of the match, when riches become solid gold, and the golden days of enjoyment are past. A "diamond wedding" must come on the seventy-fifth anniversary, for no one runs up to the one-hundredth in this climate; then all is sparkling—in the future; and that is about the last of it, on earth.

☞ Memorial of Gettysburg.—The trunks of two trees have been sent from the battle-field of Gettysburg—one for the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the other for the Historical Society of Massachusetts. The trees were growing in a part of the field where the fiercest encounter took place, as shown by the fact that one of them has two hundred and fifty bullet holes in the trunk, within the space of twenty-one feet; the other one hundred and ten bullet holes in about the same space. The trunks are not more than twelve or thirteen inches in diameter."

☞ A sail-boat race came off recently at Bristol in which the first prize was taken by a boat which was modelled, built and sailed by a blind man.

☞ The people of the Northern states have sent the past year $388,000 in money and provisions, to the needy operatives of France and England.

☞ The saloon keepers in Danielsonville, Ct., not satisfied with an ordinary display of artistic talent, place this representation on the heads of their barrels; "Mr. Nig." Reverse the letters and the interpretation appears.

☞ Hard on Satan.—Prentice says there's a good deal of the devil in the rebels. They sometime fight like him, frequently ran like him, and always lie like him.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded, free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A BATTLE SONG.

The effect of a stirring song or tune is often electrical. The western armies have one of this character, called "The Battle Cry of Freedom," which is described in one of our exchanges as of most potent effect:

"In either Grant's or Rosecrans's army it only needs to be started to be caught up from camp to camp, till it spreads for miles over the whole army. By order of a general commanding one division of the Army of the Cumberland, the colonel of each regiment is directed to start the 'Battle Cry' whenever the army goes into action, and the effect of thousands of voices united upon the chorus:—

"'The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!'

is described as awakening a frenzied enthusiasm perfectly indescribable.

"It is evident from its effect that this is one of the few songs not written 'to order,' but written because the author could not help it. The great number of thrilling circumstances under which this song has been sung in the army, added to its popularity. When Gen. Blair's Brigade, that led the assault upon Vicksburg last fall, after being hurled again and again upon the enemy's fortifications only to see each time a ghastly proportion of their numbers go down in death, were at last ordered to retire, the brave fellows closed up their shattered battalions, and came out of the smoke of that terrible carnage singing:

"'Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!'

"We are not surprised that the remembrance of that scene drew tears from the officer who described it to us. And when, after months of hardship, assault and battle, these same troops ran up the Stars and Stripes over the rebel stronghold, Gen. McPherson and staff, on the cupola of the Court House, fittingly started the same song, and we can imagine with what a will it was sung by Grant's entire army."

THE REBEL SECRET CIPHER.—The following message from Joe Johnston to Pemberton was taken from the cool collar of a scout taken at Walnut Hills, on the 30th of June, 1863, and deciphered by Michael Mason, Waterhouse's Chicago Battery:—

Ngsw Icp Rcocgpymp
Amwp ocugcsg gd vfg 41 vf kg tcocktgf
K ygzj tckehmtg amw cr vfg gcujkour omkgpr
Jmnb heur or cnj gbfg vgnj K tcc a] amw
K ygzj fgxgbc ca hmtagg clf crvcal lpcivg
tgtjy clf nchr cr 6'c'r, gd vig 9vf gd Lnw
Lmucrf Lmj lumi lep emo
Lyemg-gl-Ogwg Lepc vfg 47 vf 3681.

The true alphabet is found by taking instead of the letter in the cipher, the third above and below it alternately, thus, using the letters "I C P:"

G N
H O
I C P
D
E

The first letter in every word of the cipher is invariably to be reckoned from the second above. The translation then is as follows:

LIEUT-GEN. PEMBERTON: Your message of the 28th is received. I will reinforce you at the earliest moment. Hold fast at all odds till I reach you. I will divide my force and attack Grant's right and left at 4 A. M. of the 7th of July.

JOSEPH JOHNSTON, Gen. Com.
Jackson, Miss., June 30th, 1863.

THE GREENBRIAR MIRAGE.—A lady in Monroe county furnishes the following explanation of the phenomenon recently witnessed in Greenbriar:—

It is well known that an army of Yankees, several thousand in number, have an encampment in Fayette Court House, in the county of Fayette, which adjoins Greenbriar county. At the very hour mentioned, namely three o'clock, P. M., they are daily subjected to a drill, in which they go through all their various military exercises. Is it not possible, and even more probable, that these aerial soldiers were produced by the same cause which produces the spectre of the Broken, and other similar apparitions? That owing to the accidental condensation of some atmospheric vapors at the precise time they were drilling, on the evening particularly specified, an atmospherical speculum was formed by the hand of nature in the mountainous locality of Mr. Piercy's residence, and that the figures seen by Mr. Piercy's family were the images of this body of Yankees, who were then marching in regular order, and reflected in the air in their natural colors and forms!

A TREMENDOUS SHOCK.—Doctor Jerome Kidder, of New York, has lately enjoyed the happiness of receiving, with perfect safety, a shock of electricity sufficient, according to the previous ideas of scientific people, to kill fifty men. The experiment took place at the Cooper Institute, under the direction of the eminent Professor Vander Weyde, of that institution. The battery consisted of six of the large Bunsen cuds and a Ruhmkorff coil, of sixteen miles of wire, made by E. S. Ritchie, of Boston—one of the best makers in the country. A most formidable battery, truly! The New York Tribune states that Dr. Kidder had observed that the longer the wire was used the greater the tension, and consequently the greater the ease with which the current is conducted through the body. Hence he argued that the enormous length of the wire in the Ruhmkorff coil must render the current so highly conductible that, in spite of its great power, it would not lacerate the tissues of the body. He staked his life on his opinion and won it.—*Scientific American.*

CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—In his last letter to the Independent, Henry Ward Beecher says: "I am bound to say, also, that I have been agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the monks and priests in Roman Catholic countries. As a general rule, they have appeared to be clear-faced, intelligent and sincere men. Only once or twice did we meet the legendary type of monk—round, fat, and worldly. In Switzerland and Northern Italy, the general impression produced upon me by the priests has been highly favorable to them."

☞ The nicest thing in bonnets is—the wearer's face, of course.

NEWS ITEMS.

CO-OPERATIVE societies are multiplying rapidly in England. There are organizations of working men who establish stores or manufactories wherein all engaged are partners. A report says that there are 326 such in England and Wales. The total number of shares held (at £1 each) was 351,612. The total amount expended for goods in 1861 was £3,067,967, and the amount of sales £3,261,896, leaving a net profit of £193,929.

WAR TO COME BACK.—Jefferson county, in the valley, and in the southwest, West Virginia, Putnam, Wythe, Tazewell, Russell, Scott, Buchanan, and Wise counties, have petitioned to be admitted into the state of West Virginia. Their application is now before the Legislature at Wheeling for its decision.

TORTURE.—A Somersetshire (Eng.) farmer and his wife recently wound up a long course of cruel torture inflicted upon an elderly woman servant by forcing into her mouth a piece of honeycomb full of bees, inflicting great agony from the stings of the angry insects.

THE WESTERN VINEYARDS.—The vineyards near Cincinnati, this year, are blasted by the "rot," which is said to have destroyed more than half the crop. The vineyards of the late Mr. Longworth will not produce more than one-fourth of a crop. The Isabellas and Catawba grape have suffered most, and in several vineyards will hardly pay harvesting. The Delaware, Concord and Marion grape have been less touched by the rot, and the Delaware vine will yield from ten to fifteen pounds. The vineyards on Lake Erie, of which comparatively little has been said, are described as looking uncommonly well.

SINGULAR LAW SUIT.—A woman in Chicago has sued a landlord of that city for damages in the loss of her husband and child, under very peculiar circumstances. The house in which the plaintiff rented of the landlord, the former occupants of which had sickened and died of small-pox. The family had only been in the house a week or two when the father and child were fatally attacked by the disease. No measures had been taken to remove the infection; and for this neglect and its fatal results the law of Illinois holds the landlord liable to action.

ANTIPODAL.—In Australia it is summer in January and winter in July. It is noon there when it is midnight in Europe. The longest day is in December. The heat comes from the north, the cold from the south, and is hottest on the mountain tops. The swans are black, the eagles are white; the bees do not sting and the birds do not sing. The cherries have no stones, the trees give no shadow, for their leaves turn edgeways to the sun, and some of its quadrupeds have a beak and lay eggs.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Advertiser tells the following good shark story:—

A few days ago, as some natives were fishing in a canoe off Palama, a shark came smelling around, having been attracted thither by the blood of a fish thrown into the sea. One of the fishermen coolly took him in tow. The noose working loose, the native threw the fish up to fasten the rope as tighter, when, not relishing so much familiarity, the shark snapped off his hand at the wrist and swallowed it, escaping from his captors in the confusion which followed. It is strange with what coolness the natives handle these sharks, thinking nothing of jumping on their backs, and taking a ride through the water at a locomotive speed, or at catching hold of their tails with the hands or with a rope, and having a hand to tail combat with them. It's rare sport, to be sure, but rather risky.

☞ Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "Pretty good for a man darner." Whereupon Squabbles, rejoins—"Good enough for a woman, darn her."

☞ Old Sam Peppe was guilty of the following ungracious remark: "There are many species of creatures where the male gives the denomination to both sexes, such as swan and woodchuck, but not above one where the female does, and that is goose." He forgot the deer.

☞ From some unexplained cause there has been immense leakage of petroleum from the warehouses at Rotterdam—the river and canals are covered with it, the walls are impregnated, and the people hardly dare carry lights for fear of involving the town in a general conflagration.

☞ It is said that the draft produces a much larger number of men in New Hampshire than in any other state thus far. The soldiers obtained will be nearly two-thirds of the names drawn.

☞ PANAMA HATS.—Guayaquil is the great depot for Panama hats, eight hundred thousand dollars worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made, is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San Cristoval. They can be braided only in the night or early morning, as the heat in the daytime renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality, and I saw some hats which looked like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars apiece, even here.—*Three Years in Chili.*

☞ A sinful thought or feeling is like a spark of fire. It seems but a little thing, and is easily extinguished; but it has a tendency to consume and destroy; let it be fanned by the winds and it will ruin everything destructible in the universe.—*Payson.*

☞ A blunt truth is very likely to bruise a man without penetrating him.

☞ A Darlington boy of 17 secretly married a girl of 14 recently, and the bride's mother, hearing of it, went to the wedding party, took off her bonnet and shawl, and gave both a sound thrashing.

☞ Signora Sache, a celebrated tight-rope dancer, cannot get an engagement in France on account of her age. Too bad, as she is only 92. She has gone to Valencia to try there.

☞ Here is a "pretty stanza—a welcome to a returning regiment:—

"To the friends who smile to meet you;
To the homes which wait to greet you;
To the arms which long to press you;
To the hearts which love and bless you;
To your fathers, children, brothers;
To your sweethearts, wives, and mothers—
Welcome!"

☞ WHAT IS HE?—A rebel letter from Alabama says—Our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is "a bit of a wag," or a very careless fellow, or an "abolition traitor," is now the topic of discussion with us. At the meeting on Fast Day he gave out Dr. Watts' hymn, commencing—

"And are we wrestlers yet alive,
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis wonderous, 'tis amazing grace,
That we are out of hell."

☞ A piece of Mahomet's shirt was burnt at the late fire in Constantinople. The city is in great distress about it!

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firmer and rather more active. Sales comprise 12,000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $5.25@5.30 for superfine; $5.40@5.50 for extras; $5.60@5.75 for extra; $5.90@6 for old stock and fresh ground extra family, and $7.25@7.50 for high grade Western family, including 600 bbls Brandywine at $7. The demand from the trade has also been more active, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $7.75 to $8.50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce at $5.75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet; there is no Pennsylvania offering; Brandywine is held at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair milling demand for Wheat. Sales reach about 40,000 bus, at $1.40@1.60 for common to prime Red, and $1.65@1.68 for amber, and from $1.30 to $1.40 for common to choice white, chiefly at $1.35 for Kentucky; the bulk of the sales were of Western and Pennsylvania red at $1.30. Rye is taken to a limited extent at $1.08@1.10. Corn is scarce at $1.15 ₱ bus. Oats—Sales of 10,000 bus Delaware at 68c, weight. Barley is quiet, but sales of Northern are reported at 126@140c. Of Barley Malt we note sales at 150c.

PROVISIONS.—There is a better feeling in the market, and the prices of all kinds are higher. Mess Pork is worth $15@16 for old and new. Beef ranges at $18@15 for Western and city Mess; sales of 1000 bbls Portland at $20 for Extra India Beef are reported, on terms kept private. Bacon is firm at 12@13c for begged Hams, 7@7½c for Sides, and 6½@7c for shoulders, and the sales limited. Refined Lards are scarce, and worth 9¼@9¾c for Hams, and 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders. Lard is better, and bbls and tcs are worth 11¼@11¾c, and kegs at 12@12½c. A sale of Grease was made at 104c. Butter ranges at 17@25c for state and Ohio, and 24@27c for New York. Cheese is selling at 12@14c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 20@21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been rather quiet this week, about 450 bales found buyers in small lots, at 60 to 63c for inferior and low grades, and 90@93c for middling and good middling quality.

ASHES are inactive, but the market for both kinds is firm.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron is scarce, with sales of about 120 hhds 1st No 1 at $36@37. Tanners' Bark is firm, with small receipts and sales of Quercitron at $30 ₱ ton.

BRESWAX has advanced, and small sales are making at 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The high rates now current, and the scarcity of suitable vessels, operates unfavorably on the trade, but there is a fair business doing. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $7,00@7,50; Prepared do $7,00@7,50; Red Ash do $7,25@7,75; Lehigh Lump do $7,00@7,50; Prepared do $7,00@7,50, by retail to dealers and consumers. Schuylkill Prepared do $8,00@8,25.

COFFEE.—There is little or no stock here, and only 400 bags have been disposed of, mostly at 30@33c for Rio, cash and time.

COPPER.—There is very little doing and no changes to note in price or demand.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, with small receipts and sales of Western at 53c@55c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Sales are confined to green Apples, which are more active at $3½@3¾ ₱ bbl. Cranberries are worth $10@12 ₱ bbl. There is very little doing in dried Fruit. Small sales of Apples are reported at 5c@6c, and Peaches at 6 @8c for unpared.

HAY.—The market is firm and the demand good at $20@23 ₱ ton.

HEMP.—There is no alteration in the market.

HOPS remain quiet, and the sales limited at 25@28c for new.

IRON.—The market continues excited and on the advance, with very little Pig on sale, and prices are $1@2 ₱ ton higher; sales of small sales of No.1 Anthracite are reported at $37(@38; No. 2 at $35@36, and No. 3 at $32@33 ₱ ton, cash and 4 mos. Scotch Pig is scarce and wanted at $40 ₱ ton; fine Blooms are worth $100. Manufactured Iron is also in request at the advance.

LEAD is firmer and on the advance, with very little stock here, and Galena is quoted at $9@9½ the 100 lbs.

LUMBER.—The market is active and firm, and White Pine Boards sell freely at $22@23; Yellow Sap do. at $22; White Pine Shingles at $18@21, and Laths at $1,40@1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is very firm, and the transactions are limited at very full rates.

OILS.—Petroleum is unsettled and lower; sales of refined, in bond, are reported at 53@55c. Free Oil has been sold at 62@66c.

PLASTER continues in request, with sales at $4.75 ₱ ton.

RICE remains quiet but firm, at 7¼@7¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS.—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling, and we advance our quotations to $7 ₱ bus. Timothy is steady at $2,50@ 2,75. Flaxseed is scarce. Some small sales are reported at $3@3,15 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—The market for foreign is firm but inactive, with a small business in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum is better, and worth 70@72c. Whiskey is unsettled, with sales at 60@65c ₱ bbl, and 58@61c for Drudge.

SUGAR.—The market is very strong, and the stock on sale light; sales only reach 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 12@12¾c, and Porto Rico at 13 @13½c, cash and time.

TALLOW has been active, and sales of city rendered to some extent are reported at 11¾@ 12c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market is unchanged, and the sales mostly confined to Pennsylvania seed leaf at 19@25 ₱ lb.

WOOL.—The market is firm and advancing, sales of about 150,000 lbs are reported at 75@ 80c. Common to quarter and fine fleece mostly at 77@80c, including tub at the latter figure.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2671 head. The prices realized from 7 to 9½ cents ₱ lb 100 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 4¼ to 5 cts ₱ lb gross. 755 Hogs at from $6,00 to 8,25 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN P. KENNY, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Little Herby was about to take a ride in the horse cars, and as he scrambled in, his mother said to him: "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out, "Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

☞ Mrs. Wannamaker died in Bergen county, New Jersey, last week, who weighed previous to her death seven hundred pounds. She was a great eater, and disposed of an ordinary sized ham in two meals. At her last dinner twenty-four ears of corn made up a slight portion of her repast.

☞ A New York chemist has a piece of charcoal which he has used for thirty years in annealing gold under the blow-pipe. Although it has been on fire at least once a day during all that time, the cavity burned in it is not more than an inch in depth. The wood from which this coal came was the common pine.

☞ In our infancy we cut our teeth, in our old age our teeth cut us. Such is life.

R. R. R.

ONE 25 CENT BOTTLE WILL CURE Chills and Fever or Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Dysentery or Bilious Cholic, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Pain in the Kidneys or Bladder, Spine, Back or Head, Burns, Scalds or Poisonous Bites, Strains, Sprains or Bruises, Sore Throat, Influenza or Diptheria, Swollen Joints, Lameness or Cramp. All of these complaints one bottle will cure. It will afford relief by a single application. Let every family keep it in their house, and use it when pain is experienced. A few minutes after its application the most severe pains will cease; it matters not what may be the cause of pain, relief will follow its use. Price 25 cts. bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th of Aug. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbourow, Mr. CHARLES C. BROWN, to Miss ISABEL BALEY, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM MCELROY, to Miss CATHARINE MCELROY, both of this city.

On the 21st of April by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. EDWARD G. QUINBY, to Miss MARY I. daughter of Alex. Newitt, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug. by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOSEPHUS SHERMER, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss GEORGIANA FRANCK, of Germantown.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, Mr. CHARLES SNYDER, to Miss KATE MAYER, daughter of Maltem Meyer, Esq. both of this city.

On the 29th of June, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. CHARLES STEWART, to Miss SALLIE DICKERSON.

On the 3d of June, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, CHARLES COULTER, to Miss MARGARET HAMMOND, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE L. ASHTON, in her 75th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM M. FOX, aged 37 years.

On the 13th instant, ALICE GEORGE, in her 88th year.

On the 14th instant, SARAH E. wife of Wm. Sanderson, Sr.

On the 12th instant, ELLEN DOWNING, aged 22 years.

On the 12th instant, ROSANNA W. OAKMAN, aged 27 years.

On the 11th instant, JOSHUA FENIMORE, Sr. aged 86 years.

On the 11th instant, HENRY BRADLEY, in his 61st year.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES FOLEY, in his 30th year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM KENNEDY, aged 81 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY MILLER, in her 54th year.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH T. SMITH, aged 65 years.

SOMETHING TO DO.—"PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE." Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp,
FOWLER AND WELLS,
oct24-4t 308 Broadway, New York.

A First-Rate Book for the Melodeon.

New Method for the MELODEON and other INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORGAN CLASS, selected mainly "Zundel's *Celebrated Melodeon Instructor*," and containing Easy Lessons, and attractive Music, including the POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY, and a variety of PSALM AND HYMN TUNES. A book that cannot fail to give satisfaction. Price only $1,00. On receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Publishers, 277 Washington St.,
Boston.

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FOR THE
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For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1862.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decision of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with scientific experiments at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $125,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 95,00
Half Case, Panelled, Black Walnut, 85,00
Plain Table, 80,00

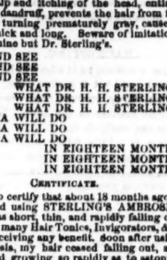
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $65,00
Half Case, Panelled, 60,00
Plain Table, 55,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.



SOMETHING FOR EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray, causes it to grow thick and long. Beware of imitations. None genuine but Dr. Sterling's.

READ AND SEE
READ AND SEE
READ AND SEE
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA WILL DO
AMBROSIA WILL DO
AMBROSIA WILL DO
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that about 18 months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling off. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit, soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and is five feet and four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair. MRS. LUCY A. BROWN,
St. Nicholas Hotel.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
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Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.
Dr. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor.
sep10-13t Depot, No. 493 Broadway, N. York.

FEAR AT AN END!

No one is now deterred from changing the
WHISKERS OR MUSTACHE
from red, gray or sandy, to a rich
BLACK OR BROWN,
by a fear of injuring or staining the skin.
CRISTADORO'S DYE
is harmless as water, mild as new milk, and
TRUE TO NATURE,
in the magnificent colors it imparts.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size.
oct24-cow2t

J. B. DUNHAM'S
and
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For sale by A. B. REICHENBACH,
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STOCKS BOUGHT, &c. [illegible]
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THE TREASURY NOTES [illegible]
hand, and will be issued [illegible]
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
DISCOUNT MONEY [illegible]
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c. [illegible]
in all the Legal Tender [illegible]
DRAFTS furnished on all [illegible]
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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Construction of Artificial Limbs, and construct the "PALMER ARM" (under the New Patents), in accordance with the Rules Prescribed. Thousands of these Arms are worn by persons in all parts of the world, and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (20 "First Prizes" won), over all competitors, in the principal cities of the world, attests the superior value of these Inventions. The "PALMER ARM" bears the name of the Inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Admeasurement*, and full information, sent free to any part of the world, on receipt of letter, post-paid, or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists of the country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation, nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened and invigorated, the result of which is a supply of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, CATTLE and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of WM. RALSTON & WEBB,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir: Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
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R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut St.,
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Premier Artiste
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HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, all beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair.
nov6-cowly

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
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IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

Man and Woman inside and out—what draws the sexes together—what the cause of disease, of social unhappiness and matrimonial infelicity, read revised and enlarged edition of MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. Contents-table sent free by mail everywhere.
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E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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Wit and Humor.

SLIGHTLY ACQUAINTED.

Several years ago the ——th Regiment United States Regulars were quartered at A——, near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B——, a tall, lank, red haired Vermonter, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada side. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill pleased with his poor success, when he saw seated on a tree within easy shooting distance a large crow. To level his gun and fire was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbled the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of Gen. C——, who was one of the wealthiest landowners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B—— stood. And it so happened that the general was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember.

So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B——, who saluted him in return.

"You've got a fine gun there," said the general.

"Yaas," said B——, handing it to the general; "that's the very neatest double-barrelled gun around these diggings."

The general turned the gun round and examined it carefully, then putting the barrel, still loaded at full cock to his shoulder, and pointing it at B——, said,

"You have willfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now *you've got to eat it.*"

B—— explained, and begged and prayed, but to no purpose; the general was unmoved by his entreaties, and told him he must eat it or die. B—— once more turned his eyes piteously towards the general, but the cold, wicked eye glanced along the gun-barrel convincing him (as he afterwards said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan he picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes, commenced his disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls, and then stopped, unable to eat more of the disgusting carrion; and the general, thinking he had gone far enough, told him that would do; and after advising him to be more careful in future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B—— got his gun in his hand he turned fiercely upon the general, and said,

"It's my turn now. You eat the remainder of the crow."

In vain the general stamped, and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B—— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that the general should eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B—— let him off.

The next day the general went to B——'s colonel, and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

The colonel inquired what one.

"Why," said the general, "he was a tall, lean, ill-favored fellow, with red hair."

"Ha!" said the colonel, "I know him; he's always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B—— here immediately."

In a few minutes the orderly returned, bringing B——, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

"B——," said the colonel, "do you know this gentleman?"

"What! me?" said B——, looking as amazed as possible.

"Yes," said the colonel, "do you know him?"

"Yes, we are slightly acquainted," said B—— (a happy thought striking him) "*We dined together yesterday.*"

The general could hold in no longer; but bursting into a hearty laugh told the colonel to let him go, as he heartily forgave him.

How to Get up a Quarrel.—Get plenty of hot water, which you can always do by running into debt. Into the hot water throw your grievance, and keep stirring it for several hours with any small trifle that turns up. When it begins to boil, pour in all the household annoyances you can rake together, and flavor it with the bitterest truths, of which you should always keep a stock at home, ready cut and dried. Let it stand all night, and if you should come down to breakfast very late the next morning, you will find that there has been a great rise in the mercuries, in your quarrel. The next thing is to commence cooling down, which is best done by going off into opposite corners.

☞ An exhibitor of a crocodile somewhere in California telegraphed to its owner for one hundred and fifty *cats*. The message stated it *as cats*. Whereupon the owner remarked, "Well, I can't attend to it to-day; telegraph back that they must feed the beast on something else, and we will send the cats on Monday."

☞ "Ugh! How do you make out that you are disrespected, eh?" "I can over age, I am a negro, a minister, a cripple, a British subject, and a habitual drunkard."

IN LOVE WITH AN ACTOR.

It is by no means uncommon for young ladies to fall in love with actors who perform during lovers or gallant scenes. A story is told of a celebrated comedian, who, one night, after performing Don Felix in the "Wonder," was followed to his home by a respectable, middle-aged lady, who requested a private interview, and entreated him to answer her decisively whether he was married or engaged. Having replied to both queries in the negative, his visitor took leave, and he never saw her again for a long time, when he addressed her as follows:

"You must certainly allow, madam, that I have a right to put one question at least to you, and to expect a sincere reply."

"Certainly."

"Pray, then, what was the motive of the questions you put to me, since I was never more to hear from you?"

"A beautiful young lady," she answered, "of considerable fortune, whose time has been chiefly spent in the country, was at the theatre when you performed Don Felix. She was enraptured, fell in love with you, and directed me to put those questions. While she was contriving the means of forming an acquaintance with you, the bill announced your appearance in the character of Scrub. She saw you, and was cured of her passion. She could have united herself to a Don Felix, but not to a Scrub!"

JEWISH CUSTOMS.

Some of the Jewish opinions and customs are highly curious. Before a Jew is thirteen years old, his parents are responsible for his sins; after that age, he is himself accountable. This age is an important epoch, and great preparations are made for it. The youth that day attends the service of the synagogue, blessed by his parents, and accompanied by the rabbi. His father is that day ready to give a large sum that his son may have the honor of going up to the desk, and read aloud a portion of the Prophets. The Jewish maiden is of age when she has attained twelve years and a day. Eighteen is considered the proper age for marriage. The betrothing frequently takes place six months or a year previously, and is a public event in the families, conducted with feasting and rejoicing. On the day of the marriage, all are in gayest attire. The bride and bridegroom sit under a velvet canopy, the bride supported by two women, the bridegroom by two men. Each drinks from a glass of wine presented by the priest, who utters certain words, and then the bridegroom puts the ring on the bride's finger. The marriage contract is read, a prayer is offered, then they again drink of the wine. The empty glass is then laid on the ground, the bridegroom stamps on it, and breaks it, as an emblem of the frailty of human life. A shout is raised, "Mazol tuve" (may it issue happily), and then the ceremony is complete. Every person present makes an offering of plate or money, for the good of the young couple.

BACKBITING.

1. What a coward he is who will bite you in the back; and yet it is often done. And what long, sharp, crooked teeth one must have to bite another in the back. No one but a *dog* can easily do it.

2. There is a little fellow who is going home from school. He has been good and obedient, and has done no one any harm. A little envious boy says, "What a sneak!" and lo! he left a gash in his back. There goes another; he would not quarrel with that *bully*, and as he left to see after the cows, some one said, "He's a coward!" There was a deep cut right in his back. "What a lie that fellow told on me!" said the boy, who, instead of going to school, went to the circus. Here was another bite right in the back. There goes a little girl to school. She is well-behaved, and holds by the hand her little brother. Some bad boys at the corner as she passes, laugh, and say, "She is not as good as she seems." And her back is wounded by their cruel teeth.

3. You may know all such backbiters. They have long teeth, and their lips are *bloody*. The poison of asps is under their tongues. God has set on their brow a red, flaming mark. Read—look close—it is "*slander*."

"Believe not each accusive tongue,
As some weak people do;
But ever hope that story wrong,
Which *ought not* to be true."

Curious Customs.—In the Isthmus of Darien the right of asking in marriage is lodged in and promiscuously exercised by both sexes, without the least hesitation or embarrassment; and in the Ukrain the same thing is carried still further, the women more generally courting than the men. When a young woman falls in love with a young man, she goes to his father's house and reveals her passion in a most tender and pathetic manner, and promises most submissive obedience. Should he make excuse, she resolves to persevere, and takes up lodgings; should he continue obstinate, the church takes her side, her kindred are ready to avenge her honor, and he has no other method but to betake himself to flight, till she is otherwise disposed of.

☞ A good varnish for autumnal leaves and frames can be made of equal parts of fir balsam and alcohol.

THOSE BOYS.

Grandpapa.—"There, Charlie, my boy, there's sixpence for you; but you must give Emmy half."

Walter.—"But how can I do that, grand'pa, dear; you've only given me one!"

A WOMAN'S LOT.

I sit in the shaded quiet
Of the summer afternoon;
While the birds and the wandering breezes
Are blending their plaintive tune.

There are mists on the golden meadow,
And clouds on the azure sky;
Like a vision of angel garments
They glisten and pass me by.

While my fingers ply the needle,
My thoughts, upon soundless wings,
Fly over the broad creation,
As Fancy her story sings.

For the love of the brave and absent,
I, too, would be glad and brave;
But tears come over my vision,
And fall on a soldier's grave.

Ah! this is the lot of woman,
To dream, and to pray, and wait;
She measures all human trial,
If knoweth the saddest fate!

NOW AND THEN.

Flour.—One man can make as much flour in a day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

Lace.—One woman can make now as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

Sugar.—It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago.

Looking-Glasses.—It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes.

Engines.—The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.

Cotton.—One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the first cotton spinner, took out his first patent.

☞ The Utica Telegraph relates an astonishing case of forgetfulness of old friends, in this wise:—"Riding in a carriage on a turnpike leading westerly from the city, a party came to a toll-gate. The needful was handed over, in the shape of two pieces of an ancient kind of coin bearing the cognomen of five cent pieces, accompanied with two nickels. The toll-keeper still held his hand towards the donor, and finally remarked: 'Ten cents more, sir.' The man could not see it, and replied: 'I just gave it to you.' Still the publican was unconvinced, until informed of the title of the two coins. By a closer inspection he finally recognized the faces of his former friends, and the carriage was allowed to proceed. The man of silver having just arrived from Canada, where silver is a drug, was as much surprised as the toll-gatherer, but finally the matter was explained to his satisfaction also."

☞ Marriageable ladies are in good demand. Miss Warbler, who advertised in the Farmington Chronicle for a husband, has received over *seventy* letters, coming from every Union state in the country, besides not a few from the dis-union states.

☞ An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work. No, was the reply, but he had cut them all down, and was going to trim them in the afternoon!

☞ Gen. Scott is in good health, and writing without the aid of spectacles a history of his campaigns.

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.

The vinegar manufactured from acids enters largely into the consumption of towns and cities and to some extent into that of the country also. Whiskey, with all its adulterations, is used for the purpose of making pickles, and in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the sours of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a housewife's business.

We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. And to apply a little Yankee ingenuity in this case is not so difficult as many people imagine. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose.

Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.—*Exchange paper.*

Excellent Corn Bread.—I have often eaten corn bread made by many different persons, and in many different ways, but never ate any that could compare favorably with that made in the following manner, either fresh, or when from one to four days old; 1 pint sifted meal, half pint wheat flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, milk and cream in equal proportions, to make a stiff batter. Bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven. It must not be browned, but should be of a nice yellow color. Eat with molasses made from the sugar tree, or of nice white sugar.

Apples in Syrup.—Pare and core some hard apples and throw them into a basin of water; as they are done, clarify as much loaf-sugar as will cover them; but the apples in along with the juice and rind of a lemon, and let them simmer till they are quite clear; care must be taken not to break them; place them on the dish they are to appear upon at table, and pour the syrup over. These are for immediate use.

Bronze Pudding.—One pound sugar, one pound flour, one dozen eggs well beaten. Steam two hours.

Very Light Buns.—One pound and a quarter of fine flour, six ounces fresh butter, eight ounces lump sugar bruised, two ounces candied lemon, twelve ounces currants, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, five eggs or a little cream, or six eggs. Beat the eggs well, and mix all together; bake in small tart, or queen-cake tins, in a quick oven.

☞ Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

Angels Without Sex.—One of the late Dr. Spencer's parishioners in Brooklyn, New York, met him hurriedly urging his way down the street one day; his lip was set, and there was something strange in that gray eye. "How are you to-day, doctor?" he said, pleasantly. He waked as from a dream, and replied, soberly, "I am *tired!*" It was a new word for a mild, true-hearted Christian; but he waited, and with a deep, earnest voice went on—"I found a widow standing by her goods thrown into the street; she could not pay the month's rent; the landlord turned her out; and one of her children is going to die; and that man is a member of the church! I told her to take her things back again. I am on my way to see him!"

☞ The following is deceptively promulgated under the head of "Zoological Information":—"The Black Tapir is found in many districts of Sumatra, but the Red Taper chiefly in the District of Columbia."

Agricultural.

PACKING APPLES IN LEAVES.

A few years ago, Mr. J. W. Boynton, of East Hartford, while gathering up leaves under an apple tree, in the spring, observed beneath them a few fresh, unfrozen apples. It suggested at once that dry leaves would answer well as packing material for fruit, and the next fall, and every season since, he has used them for this purpose. We saw a few days ago some specimens thus preserved, seemingly as fresh and as piquant in flavor as when first gathered; yet he assured us that they were varieties that would have decayed months ago if unprotected. His plan is to pick the apples carefully at the proper time, but not to pack them until the leaves are perfectly dry and the weather quite cool. Then the apples and leaves are placed in alternate layers, and the last layer of leaves crowded in as close as possible by placing any convenient weight on the cover of the barrel. The leaves are of such elasticity that the whole may be compressed so tightly as to prevent any slacking, &c., &c., and yet, not bruise the apple in the slightest degree. In this latitude, Mr. Boynton has never found it necessary to keep these barrels of fruit in any place warmer than a shed. It would be advisable, of course, everywhere, to keep them in as cool a place as possible. In the spring they are to be removed to a cool, airy cellar, or to an apartment especially for fruit, in connection with the ice-house.—*Homestead.*

BEE ROBBING.

In September and October bees are very apt to rob each other, and many families have been destroyed in this way. The remedy is to lower the hives down, and give but one passage-way, and that not over two inches long, for the strongest families down to a compass that will permit only a few bees to pass in and out at the same time.—This is the *preventive* remedy. The populous hive, well filled with honey, will require but little protection; but those hives that have been left weak by too much swarming, or from any other cause, are in danger. Whenever an unusual bustle is noticed around a hive, with dead bees on the ground in front, and the occupants of the hive around in squads on the alighting board, with stranger bees held as prisoners, you may know that there is danger. Numbers of bees will be slowly flying around on a level with the entrance, as if seeking for an unguarded passage, making a louder noise than usual. At twilight, when all other hives are quiet, bees will be seen to leave a robbed hive. Close the passage-way entirely for a day, but give the bees air.—You may then open the passage-way a very little, so as to allow a single bee to pass.—Leave it thus for a day or two, when it may be enlarged if no further trouble is apprehended.

POULTRY.

Well-fattened poultry, it is well known, command a much better price than the lean, lank creatures whose skins and bones so often go to market. Corn, oats, barley and buckwheat, are all good materials for making good poultry, but there is nothing which will promote so rapid a growth of both fat and lean as ground oats and water. Next come buckwheat, potatoes, and Indian meal. Poultry raisers should bear in mind that the color of the meat and legs makes a difference of two or three cents a pound in the price of poultry at all city markets, and if they wish to obtain the utmost profit for their rearing, they will put the knife to or wring the neck of every black or blue-legged fowl upon their premises this fall, and start anew. It is a bad policy to keep anything upon the farm that is not the best of its kind, and blue-legged, black-meated poultry ought to be abolished by those who would secure the largest profits from their fowls.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Food for Poultry.—One who claims to know, says the cheapest and best food for fattening poultry of every description, is oats ground into meal. This meal, fed at daybreak, it is said, "will more effectually fatten poultry than one bushel and a half of any other meal or grain."

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 18, 5, 31, 24, 26, 27, 13, 2, was a celebrated naturalist.

My 30, 29, 6, 35, 25, 21, 33, 16, 3, 31, is a military title.

My 15, 12, 33, 1, 24, 31, 20, 34, 26, 16, is a town in England.

My 31, 20, 27, 9, 7, 23, 27, 29, 26, 2, 12, was a Scottish poet.

My 4, 19, 22, 33, 25, 3, 33, is a remedy for the ague.

My 24, 29, 33, 27, 20, 30, 33, was a noted traveller.

My 26, 27, 19, 33, 17, 33, is a man's name.

My 29, 20, 26, 24, 31, 22, 33, 33, 33, is a very useful article.

My 33, 11, 33, 16, 20, 26, 16, is an island in the Indian Ocean.

My 26, 24, 24, 25, 23, is an essential part of a building.

My 10, 2, 20, 17, 14, 8, is a town in Russia.

My 17, 20, 26, 30, 9, 13, 31, 29, 1, 26, are much in use.

My 1, 16, 7, 31, 14, 20, is a county in Mississippi.

My 31, 9, 30, 30, 33, 33, was a French explorer whose remains now repose on the banks of one of our Western rivers.

My whole is an extract from a popular song, and the earnest prayer of every loyal heart.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found ever in right,
True, even to perfection;
Still, the share is not slight,
Which it bears of correction.

My second, though in blessing so spread,
That each life is possessor,
Is thought to curse, it is said,
When profited to transgressor.

My third, while to toil or repose
It falls in adaptation,
Yet in deed it never shows
Need of disapprobation.

My fourth, claims, though joined to my third,
Not the least of connection;
Is last in doings absurd,
But the first of detection.

My fifth shares life's ills, free from shame,
Aideth lowly and weakly;
Sets fame into a flame,
And as servant serves meekly.

My sixth, as a joint aid of time,
It gives ease to the present;
Is of semblance sublime,
Also graceful and pleasant.

My seventh is, where rents are disclosed,
The foremost in repairing;
Thus to labor disposed,
Rich reward ever sharing.

My whole is that which, clear to see,
Ofttimes needs an expounding;
A renowned treasury,
In true richness abounding.

Rose Place, Ill. E. C. ROSE.

UNITED STATES NICKEL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a rich *square* lot of land, which, if enclosed with United States nickels, each nickel 13-16ths of an inch across, the nickels at the value of one cent per nickel, will just pay for the land at the value of $100 per acre. There is another circle lot, containing in area just as much land as the square lot, which, if enclosed with the same kind of nickels, the nickels will also pay for the land. What will be the area of each lot? (both being alike in area.)—What will be the number of nickels enclosing each lot?—And what is the value of the land per acre in the circle lot? DANIEL DIFFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the dimensions of a cubical box, so that it will contain as many cubic feet as there are square feet in the boards with which it is made, allowing the boards to be three inches thick? GILL BATES.

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Historical Conundrum.—Why was the time of Queen Elizabeth a rude, boisterous age? Ans.—Because one met with nothing but *Ruffs.*

☞ Under what legal process should a common swearer be arrested? Ans.—A *man dam-us*, clearly.

☞ Why is a Secesh house occupied by Union troops like the copyright of a book? Ans.—Because it is "entered according to act of Congress."

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to "scratch" for a livelihood.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. ENIGMA.—"Fighting Joe Hooker." RIDDLE.—George Kyle. CHARADE.—Workmanship. CHARADE.—Chesapeake. (Chess a-peak.)

Answer to PROBLEM by S. J. D.—46 acres, 1 rood, 37.2 perches.—D. Engel. 46¼ acres.—R. Hegarty.